

PUNCH



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MCN 3235



**Banister,
Walton
build
in
steel**

BANISTER, WALTON & CO. LTD. STRUCTURAL STEEL (Riveted-Welded)
LONDON S.W.1, 82 Victoria St. MANCHESTER 17, Trafford Pk. BIRMINGHAM 18, 61/63 Western Rd.

Whole
big boxfuls
of chocolate
peppermint creams

minted most deliciously
by Tobler

Gorgeous, glorious peppermint
creams. Lines of them. Layers of
them. All deep in dessert chocolate.
All fresh from the people who know
exactly what chocolate peppermint
creams should taste like. And make
them just like that. These are
made for connoisseurs. For
true devotees. They are,
beyond doubt, the finest
chocolate peppermint creams
you can buy. And quite
unmistakably, by Tobler.

ask for **Tobler**
CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT CREAMS

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS TOBLERONE

AFTER TWO CENTURIES
*The London
Correspondent
writes again...*

THIS is where it all began—with a policy on part of a cargo in the Pool of London. By *it* we mean the London Assurance, and it began in a small way indeed—two hundred and thirty-five years ago, with a staff of six and a doorkeeper. And to-day? To-day, the London Assurance discharges its business all the world over, dealing with insurance of every sort. For example:-

RESULTS OF AN ACCIDENT

Accidents don't always happen to somebody else. You can end up in hospital for months. But there is one bright spot on the horizon. When you're properly insured with our Personal Accident policy you won't need to worry about such things as medical expenses and loss of earnings. Neither, of course, will your family.

GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL

It's never too early for the far-

sighted parent to pave the financial way to his children's education. By taking out our Education Policy you thin out the schooling expenses over the years before school caps are put on for the first time.

THAT'S NOT ALL

No, indeed! It's just a couple of policies from a wide selection. Should you want to know more about us, our policies, or insurance problems generally, our address is 1 King William Street, Dept. 1, London, E.C.4.



**THE LONDON
ASSURANCE**

"Very good people to deal with"

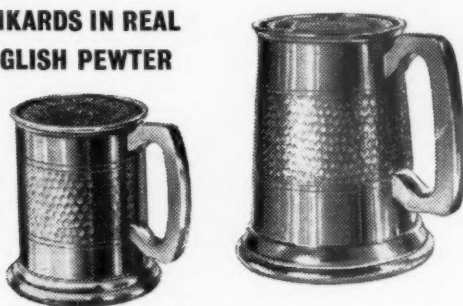
Making someone VERY happy

With the approach of Christmas, comes the annual problem of suitable gifts for the occasion—suitable both for the recipient and for own pockets.

One of the arts of 'giving gracefully' is to pay a subtle compliment to the good taste of the recipient by making sure that what is given is the best of its kind. So often, cigarettes turn out to be the right gift for many of our friends and relatives, and here it is doubly important to give something above the 'average' standard. Something that shows you have been thoughtful in your choice wins extra appreciation.

When it comes to cigarettes, one name immediately comes to mind as standing for the best—State Express. For well over half a century, in every part of the world, State Express 555 have been recognised for the finest quality and it has become a tradition that State Express 555 and Christmas go together.

TANKARDS IN REAL ENGLISH PEWTER



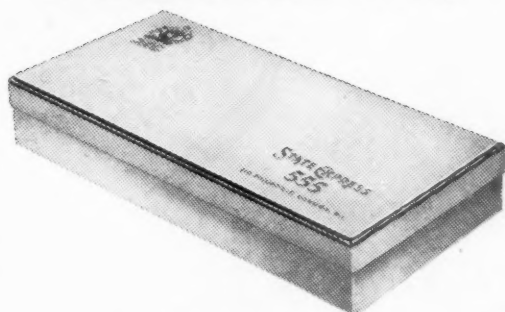
You can see these wonderful value tankards in all good tobacconists' windows now. They are made in Sheffield in the traditional hammered finish with a glass base, and each contains a round airtight tin of 50 State Express 555. An excellent gift for any male and highly appropriate to the festive season! The one-pint size costs 39/6d. and the ½ pint tankard 30/-.



THE 'DICKENS' JUG

In beautifully ornamented pottery, with characters from Dickens modelled in relief. Colourful and decorative and containing an airtight tin of 50 State Express 555 cigarettes—29/6.

AN IMPRESSIVE CABINET FOR 32/-



A really worthwhile present. This simple but elegant cabinet contains 150 State Express 555 cigarettes—truly inviting. It is finished with a gold design on the familiar primrose colour and costs 32/-.



The complete range of State Express cigarettes available for Christmas Gifts is an impressive one and the prices are not high. Imagine the delight when parcels are opened on Christmas morning to reveal a handsome pack of 555! Undoubtedly, Christmas is the time for 'everything of the best' and nothing fits the occasion better than State Express.

Express your Greetings with State Express 555

One needs colour to do justice to this delightful greetings packing. There are two sizes, one containing 50 State Express 555, and the other 100. Each bears a beautifully coloured picture of a traditional Christmas scene of the England of former years.

50 - 10/5
100 - 20/10



WHERE TO GET STATE EXPRESS

These delightful presentation packings are stocked by all good tobacconists and stores. Why not ask to see the range of State Express gifts—amongst them you will find something to suit everyone. If you experience any difficulty please write to The House of State Express, 210, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

GIVE THE BEST FOR CHRISTMAS



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS
ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD.

STATE EXPRESS
555

THE BEST CIGARETTES
IN THE WORLD

PARENTS, FOND RELATIONS AND THOSE WHO MUST BUY GIFTS FOR CHILDREN-PLEASE NOTE

Dear Santa,
Please bring me a  with words that change - and one of those  with Road Safety Hints inside. I think my little sister would like a set of - They're all full of Welch's Sweets and we love them. Please oblige.

With love from Janet and little Anne.
Merry Christmas XXX



If you wish to stay on speaking terms with children, you can please them best with a novelty pack from Welch's.

WELCH & SONS LTD., Tynemouth, Northumberland.

That's my skirt under the roller



-and here I am wearing it not five minutes afterwards!

'GARNELENE' is the name of the 'Terylene' Wool fabric which has, at last, the GUARANTEED NON-FLUFF FINISH. 'GARNELENE' never crumples, is easily washed without pressing, and takes no end of hard wear. When you buy skirts and trousers look for the 'GARNELENE' label as well as the makers' own brand and you'll be sure of extra wear - without a care.

AFTER 491 HOURS' ROUGH WEAR - including Spring cleaning, regular cycling - and three washings with NO pressing - a 'GARNELENE' skirt was as good as new, with fluff-free surface and sharp pleats.

'GARNELENE' fabric is made in 'Terylene' Wool and 'Terylene' Worsted by Garnetts of Apperley Bridge, Yorkshire.

CHOOSE SKIRTS AND TROUSERS IN

Garnelene

For Extra Wear - Without a Care!

Many reputable firms use 'GARNELENE' including - (FOR LADIES): Marita, Marlbeck, Moorcott, Renner, etc. (FOR MEN): Leslie Blass, Ltd., Glanville, Hector Power, Hep-ton & Co., Kams Sportswear, Northern Clothing (Shildon) Ltd., etc. (FOR CHILDREN): Minimode, etc.

THE ONLY 'TERYLENE' WOOL WITH THE NON-FLUFF GUARANTEE.

LOOK FOR THE LABEL



By appointment to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II Suppliers of Fish and Meat Pates

The excellence of their much esteemed Effence of Anchovies stands unrivalled today which isn't bad going because that's what it said on the original label. After nearly two centuries your gourmet of today is still loyal

JOHN to the original makers:

BURGESS

& SON LTD

whose Anchovies in Oil or brine, Genuine Anchovy Paste and Essence of Anchovies are sold by the best grocers everywhere.

John Burgess & Son Ltd. London N.18



Top of the Tree...



for CHRISTMAS GIFTS

WILKINSON SWORD

- * POCKET PRUNER 13/6
- * FLOWER GATHERER 20/-
- * SWORD SHEAR 40/-
- * HEDGING SHEAR 47/6
- * EDGING SHEAR 60/-
- * SWOE 40/-

* These fine tools are in gay Christmas wrappings for your tree.

WILKINSON SWORD LIMITED, LONDON, W.4



*"Now tell me how
you like my coffee"*

* Hair Style by Simon

WHY DO THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HOSTESSES-ABOUT-TOWN USE LYONS PURE COFFEE?

There's a very simple reason . . . Freshly-ground coffee beans will only make the best coffee if the beans themselves are **fresh**. The coffee beans used by Lyons are roasted and ground at the peak of their freshness, then the coffee is *immediately* aroma-sealed (by an exclusive Lyons process) in the well-known green tins.

It is the freshest coffee you can buy.

LYONS FOR REAL COFFEE



Invitation To HILTON HOSPITALITY In Europe



THE CASTELLANA HILTON

Madrid, Spain
Walter O. Snyder, manager

300 rooms, many with air-conditioning and private balconies. Magnificent home of the world-famous Rendez vous Supper Room



THE ISTANBUL HILTON

Istanbul, Turkey
Rudy W. Basler, manager

300 beautiful rooms each with balcony overlooking the Bosphorus or gardens. Every luxurious comfort and convenience.

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TELEPHONE : LABORDE 57-50

La Corona

*The cigar by which
other cigars are judged*



HAND MADE
IN HAVANA

Supreme the World over



KING ROBERT THE BRUCE 1274-1329

Bruce and the spider—the classic lesson in patience before Bannockburn 1314.

It's a question of patience....

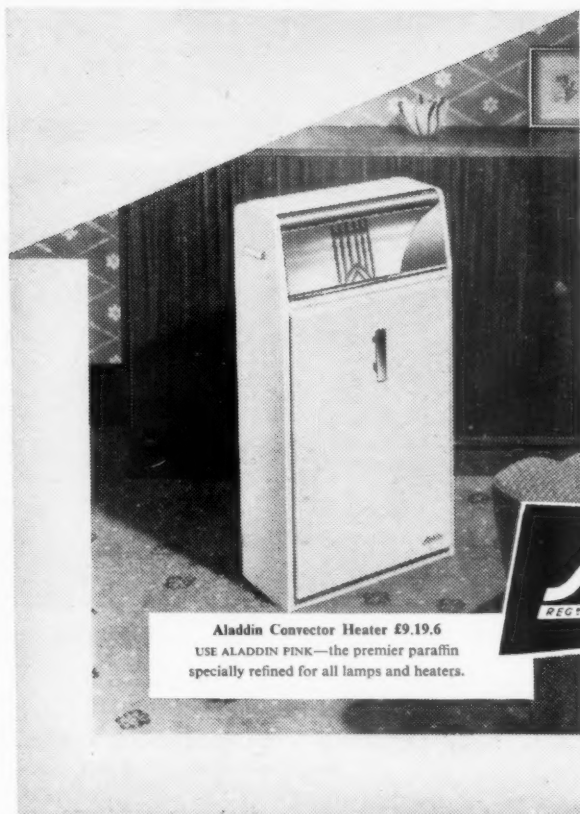
EVEN IN THESE fast-moving days, there are things that can't be hurried. A good Scotch is one of them. Only patient ageing can work the subtle changes that transform young malts, however good, into superb whiskies suitable for the Ballantine blend.

Forty-two such whiskies meet in Ballantine's, each adding its own shade to the character of the mature Scotch. The blending of these into a perfect harmony is a task for patient and expert men. Such men are the blenders at Dumbarton. And to-day, their skills are backed by the resources of a modern laboratory, established not to replace these skills but to safeguard and preserve them.

This patient care is amply repaid. All over the world men recognise the personality of their favourite whisky—Ballantine's—the superb Scotch!

Ballantine's
THE SUPERB SCOTCH

GEORGE BALLANTINE & SON LTD., DUMBARTON, SCOTLAND. EST. 1827. DISTILLERS AT FORRES, ELGIN, BRECHIN, DUMBARTON



Aladdin Convector Heater £9.19.6
USE ALADDIN FINK—the premier paraffin specially refined for all lamps and heaters.

Brr-r-r!

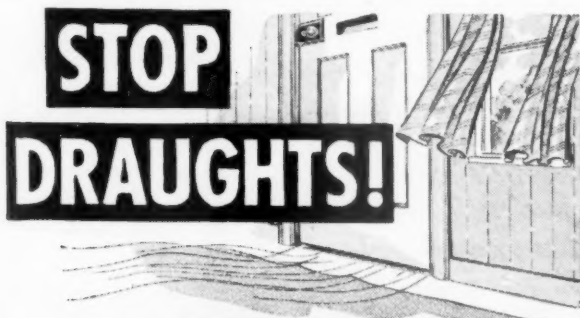
And does the cost of coal and electricity make you shiver even more? It's time you got to know about Aladdin oil heaters! No smell—no smoke—just fill them, light them, and leave them to spread their cosy warmth wherever you need it. And at a running cost that makes central heating and electric fires look like extravagance. There are five types of Aladdin for different heating jobs—quick temporary warmth, steady background warmth, directional warmth for a particularly cold corner. Ask your ironmonger about them, or write to us for details.

There are Aladdin lamps and lanterns also—as brilliant for light as the heaters for warmth!

Aladdin
REGD TRADE MARK

IT'S SUCH A COMFORT!

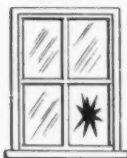
Aladdin Industries Ltd., 88 Aladdin Bldg., Greenford, Middx.



STOP DRAUGHTS!

with **SEALDRAUGHT**

**DO YOU
REALISE?**



Do you realise that the gaps around a leaky window can equal a hole 5" in diameter?



Associate Company of
**HURSEAL
LIMITED**

Enjoy the full comfort of a warm home free from the entry of draughts and smog and all their attendant dangers to health. Have your home fitted with special Sealdraught sprung bronze weatherstrip.

The results are permanent, guaranteed for 10 years and will in fact last as long as the house it insulates. Sealdraught is fitted by specially trained craftsmen of our country-wide organisation of agents.

Sealdraught is less expensive than comparable systems of draught proofing. To completely draught-proof an exterior door, for instance, costs about £4.

A Sealdraught representative will gladly call, without obligation, to give you free advice and an estimate of how to rid your home of draughts for all times and enjoy real home comfort.

Write to-day for a fully detailed leaflet and address of nearest agent.

SEALDRAUGHT LTD
229 REGENT ST. LONDON W.1 Tel: ABB 3571

HOW MUCH... is a memory worth?

What price could you put against the most pleasant of your personal memories? The dance tune that reminds you of your courting days, the songs they sang—and the way they sang them—when you were eighteen and all set to put the world to rights. And what of your more recent memories? The day your youngster made



a first attempt at conversation, the celebration you had at home when you got your first real promotion, the party you had when your wife won that (very small) dividend on the Pools. Wonderful occasions, wonderful memories; some of them quite recent and yet already fading—there's the pity of it.

That's why owning a Grundig tape recorder is such an asset. Memories never fade with a Grundig. They're yours for as long as you want to keep them.

There is a Grundig model designed to meet your specific need.

TK820/3D Price 98 gns.
less microphone

GRUNDIG

MIRROR TO A MILLION MEMORIES

WRITE NOW FOR A COPY OF FREE FOLDER OF THE GRUNDIG TK820/3D

GRUNDIG (Great Britain) LIMITED, Dept. P.6

Advertising & Showrooms: 39/41 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON W.C.1
Sales Dept. & Works: KIDBROOKE PARK ROAD, LONDON S.E.3

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

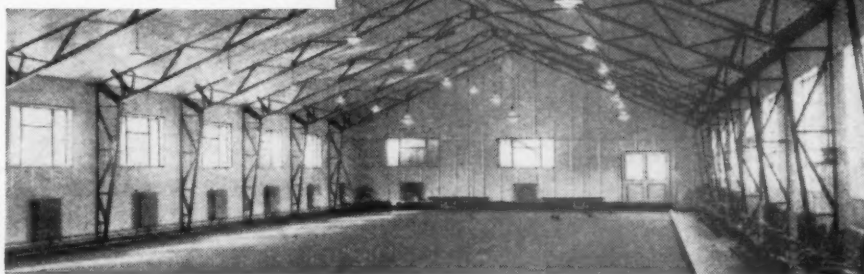
(Electronics Division, Gas Purification & Chemical Company Limited)

G6

Worth Looking into

Yes — The Coseley range of Standard Steel buildings is certainly worth looking into. Whatever your accommodation problem it can be solved from the comprehensive range immediately available.

The illustration shows one of the many applications of Coseley Buildings. This time being used for the indoor Bowls Pavilion, at Bechill-on-Say. Architect: Kenneth G. Higgs, A.R.I.B.A.



COSELEY

ENGINEERING Co. Ltd. LANESFIELD • WOLVERHAMPTON • ENGLAND

Telephone: BILSTON 41927—6 Lines

J.T.L./P.S.

Building and Civil Engineering work in connection with "Coseley" Buildings can be more effectively carried out by our own associate company of Sinton Thompson & Partners Ltd.

Where your money does its job—

—and brings you a full

4% TAX FREE

Equal to £6.19.2 PER CENT GROSS

STATE BUILDING SOCIETY

MAXIMUM SECURITY

- ★ Easy withdrawals
- ★ Income tax borne by the Society
- ★ Any amount accepted up to £5,000
- ★ No depreciation

*25 years of
progressive expansion*

JUNE 1931 — JUNE 1956
ASSETS NOW EXCEED £4,000,000

Full particulars from the Secretary:

STATE BUILDING SOCIETY

59 State House, 26 Upper Brook St., Park Lane, London, W.1

TEL: MAYfair 8161

*"Interesting —
I heard more requests
in Spain this year
for this Fino
San Patricio
than any other
dry Sherry"*

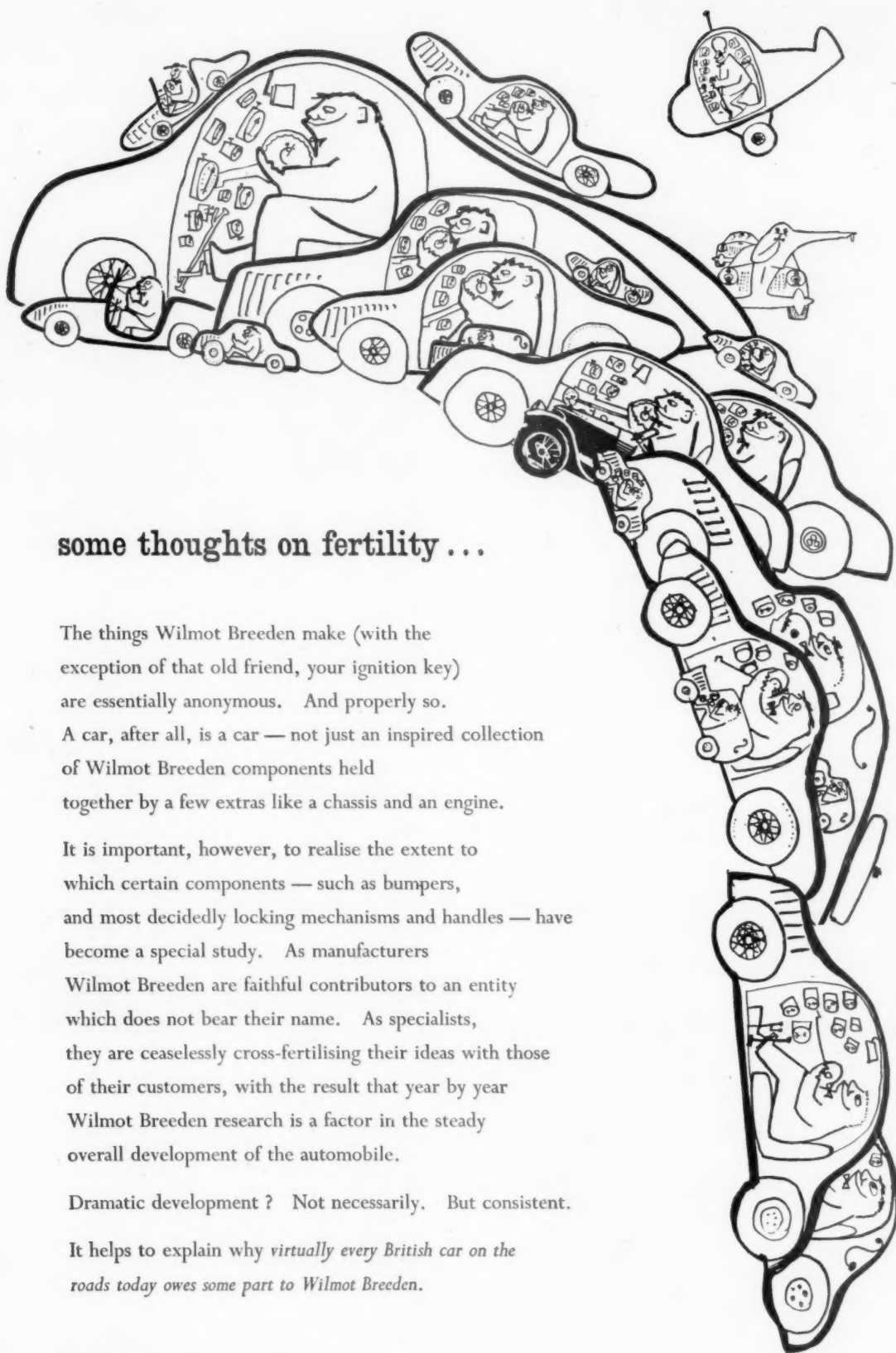


Ask for
SAN PATRICIO
Dry Sherry

NOW AVAILABLE IN THIS COUNTRY
Imported by MATTHEW CLARK & SONS LTD.,
London, E.C.4.

The World's Great
Wines are asked
for by name...
In Spain, where
choice is
unlimited, they
call first for
San Patricio





some thoughts on fertility ...

The things Wilmot Breeden make (with the exception of that old friend, your ignition key) are essentially anonymous. And properly so.

A car, after all, is a car — not just an inspired collection of Wilmot Breeden components held together by a few extras like a chassis and an engine.

It is important, however, to realise the extent to which certain components — such as bumpers, and most decidedly locking mechanisms and handles — have become a special study. As manufacturers Wilmot Breeden are faithful contributors to an entity which does not bear their name. As specialists, they are ceaselessly cross-fertilising their ideas with those of their customers, with the result that year by year Wilmot Breeden research is a factor in the steady overall development of the automobile.

Dramatic development? Not necessarily. But consistent.

It helps to explain why *virtually every British car on the roads today owes some part to Wilmot Breeden.*

WILMOT BREEDEN ARE AT BIRMINGHAM:
ALSO AT LONDON MANCHESTER BRIDGWATER GLASGOW MELBOURNE TORONTO

By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen,
Scotch Whisky Distillers, John Walker & Sons, Ltd.



Thank you
Johnnie Walker
—there's no better drink
than the smooth
round whisky in the
square bottle

Born 1820—still going strong



He wore his 'Burberry'

A 'Burberry' is a loyalist. It will enjoy a showery day in roots and stubble, under a dripping cap, with a dozen cartridges in each cool dry pocket. And it will appear next morning at the Cabinet Offices, serene and smooth under a bowler.

 **Burberry** 

By appointment to Her Majesty the Queen Weatherproofers

'Burberry' is the registered trade-mark of Burberrys Limited, makers of the world's finest weatherproofs. From 7 gns. From Burberrys in the Haymarket and appointed retailers throughout the country.



PERICLES c. 490-429 B.C. Athenian statesman and one of the greatest leaders, in times both of prosperity and adversity, that the world has known. The drawing is after a bust in the British Museum.

In industry to-day organisation and enterprise and even the greatest of resources are brought to fulfilment only through the agency of a universal spirit of leadership.

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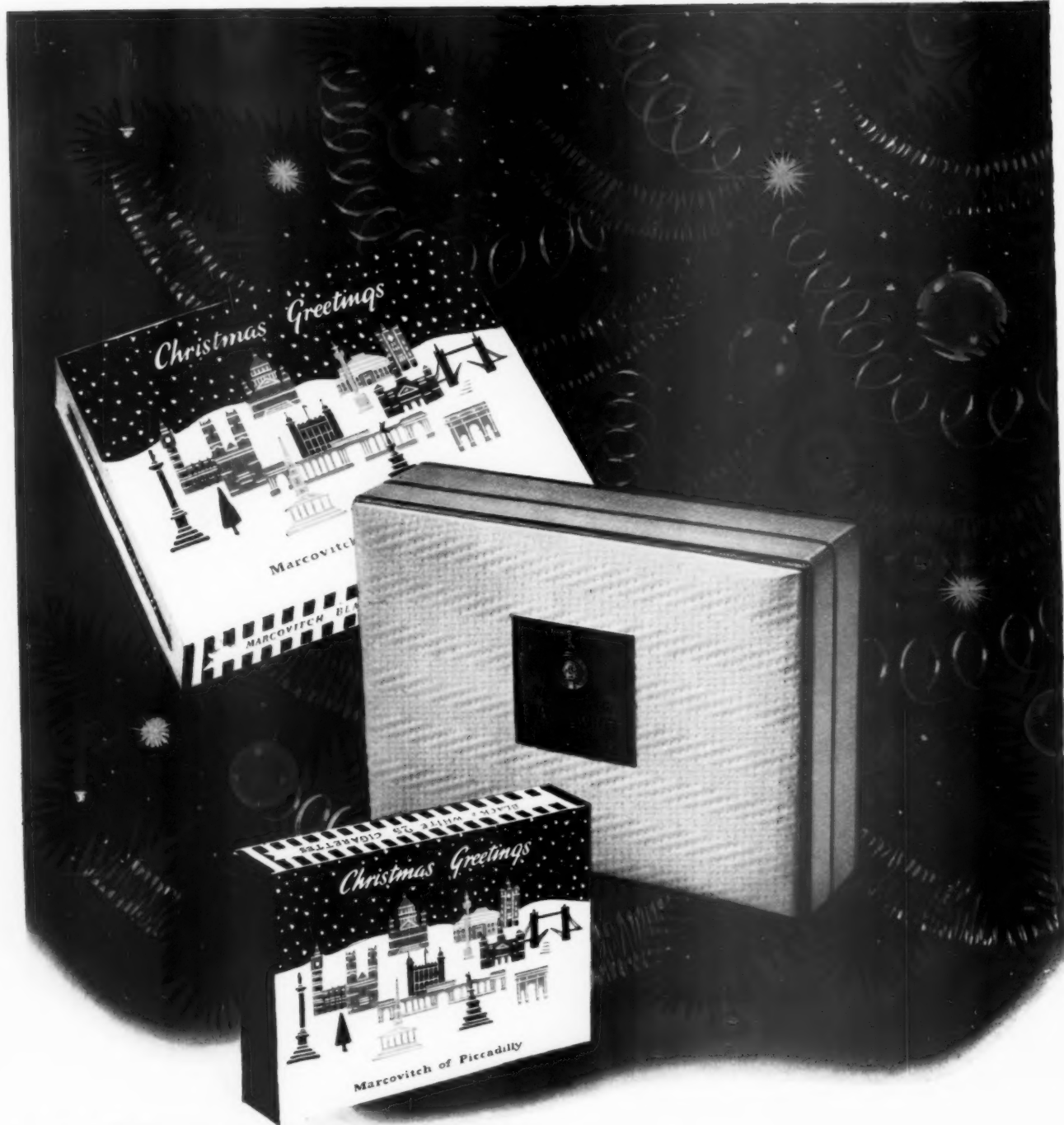
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Head Office: 105 Piccadilly, London W.1



BLACK & WHITE

in Christmas packs



If there's anyone on your Christmas list who appreciates fine smoking, he (or she) will be delighted with the famous



Marcovitch Black and White cigarettes in these attractive Christmas packs.



Boxes in gay *London Town* decorated outers, as shown—25 for 5/9, 50 for 11/6. Distinguished presentation cabinets—100 (as shown) for 23/6, 150 for 35/3, 200 for 47/-.



MARCOVITCH OF PICCADILLY

Modernising your heating system?

—there are one or two facts of which you should be aware



If you are considering changing to oil-firing for your central heating and hot water supply system you have broadly two alternative courses of action. One is to adapt your present boiler to burn oil; this involves the smaller initial outlay but your fuel costs will be 20 to 25 per cent higher than they need be for as long as you continue to use it this way.

The alternative is to take economy seriously into account from the start. This means installing a 'Potterton' Oil-Fired Boiler-Burner Unit. There may be a slight extra cost which is immediately recovered through lower fuel bills, and thereafter fuel is used in a quantity ratio of 4 to 5 as compared with the other way of having oil-firing. (You will have renewed your old boiler into the bargain).

The reason—oil fuel needs a combustion

chamber and secondary heating surfaces in the boiler of quite a different shape and size ratio from those for solid fuel. The 'Potterton' Oil-Fired Boiler-Burner Unit was designed as an oil-burning unit from the first line put on the drawing board to the proving of the finished job in day-to-day use before putting it on the market.

Please, at least, be aware of what is entailed. Go to a Heating Engineer you know and ask him. Ask the Company which supplies the oil, or write to us by all means if you prefer to. But be sure, one way or another, to get expert advice on your particular heating problems before you take any action.

COST OF LIVING. Provided no major factors intervene, the price of De La Rue products will be stabilized until March 31st, 1957.



The 'Potterton' Oil-Fired Boiler-Burner Unit is at present available in sizes with outputs of 70,000 B.t.u. and upwards. It is the answer to your problem. It gives a sustained efficiency of 80% (near to the theoretical maximum).



DLR 635

'Potterton' Oil-Fired Boiler-Burner Units give you the most heat from every drop of oil
THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO. LTD. (Potterton Division) 20/30 Buckhold Road, London, S.W. 18.

England's Finest

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	Series No. 481	Series No. 482	Series No. 483
Antique Finish Leather 4" x 5 1/2"	8/-	4 1/2" x 5 1/2" 9/6	5 1/2" x 4 1/2" 10/6
Morocco Leather	9/-	" " 10/3	" " 12/6
Luxon Hide	" 9/6	" " 10/9	" " 13/-
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Ginger ale
or Soda?



**Mr Brandyman makes a
luxurious long drink with either...**

More and more people are finding a new and very special pleasure in Brandy as a long drink. At the smartest parties, in the most hospitable homes, Mr. Brandyman introduces just the right note

Make friends with
MARTELL

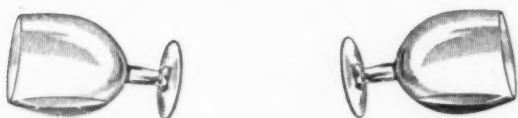
We both choose CINZANO... because



I can't resist the fascinating flavour of



CINZANO BIANCO (*from Italy*) — and he didn't



know how good dry vermouth can be till he tried

CINZANO DRY (*from France*)

Do you like a drink that's sweet, but not *too* sweet? Then try CINZANO BIANCO, the unique White Vermouth from Italy—you'll find its piquant sweetness irresistible. If you prefer a Dry Vermouth, you will be delighted by the distinction of CINZANO DRY (from France). Both CINZANO BIANCO and CINZANO DRY are delicious served 'straight',

and each adds refreshing individuality to a cocktail. More and more people are discovering that they like them both! Enjoy a new pleasure — try CINZANO today.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR VERMOUTH?

The wine called Vermouth owes its special character to the addition of extracts and infusions obtained from many fragrant herbs. Its quality, however, depends on the skill with which these ingredients are prepared and blended. The House of Cinzano has devoted 140 years to the perfecting of its Vermouths. While CINZANO BIANCO and CINZANO RED are produced in Italy, CINZANO DRY is made from French grapes, for these yield the best Dry Vermouth. *Cinzano is the only producer exporting Sweet Vermouth from Italy and Dry Vermouth from France.* So to enjoy Vermouth at its finest, just say CINZANO—BIANCO, or DRY, or RED.



Cinzano Bianco

17½ large-size bottle;
half-size bottle 9/3



Cinzano Dry French

10½ large-size bottle;
half-size bottle 9/6

Cinzano Red Italian Vermouth
(Sweet)
17½ large-size bottle; half-size bottle 9/3

CINZANO

Sole Importers for U.K. and N. Ireland:

GIORDANO LIMITED, 24-26 Charlotte Street, London, W.1

Sleeping Partners



Q.A.

That's you and your pyjamas. Or, more precisely, you and Cotella pyjamas. Wear them and see. They're handsome as well as comfortable.

Generously cut, with plenty of room for twists and turns, in hard-wearing OXFORD fabric: 100%

Egyptian cotton mercerised to give a soft silky finish that won't cling or chafe. Non-shrinking.

Non-fading. Cheap at the price, too. 49/6.

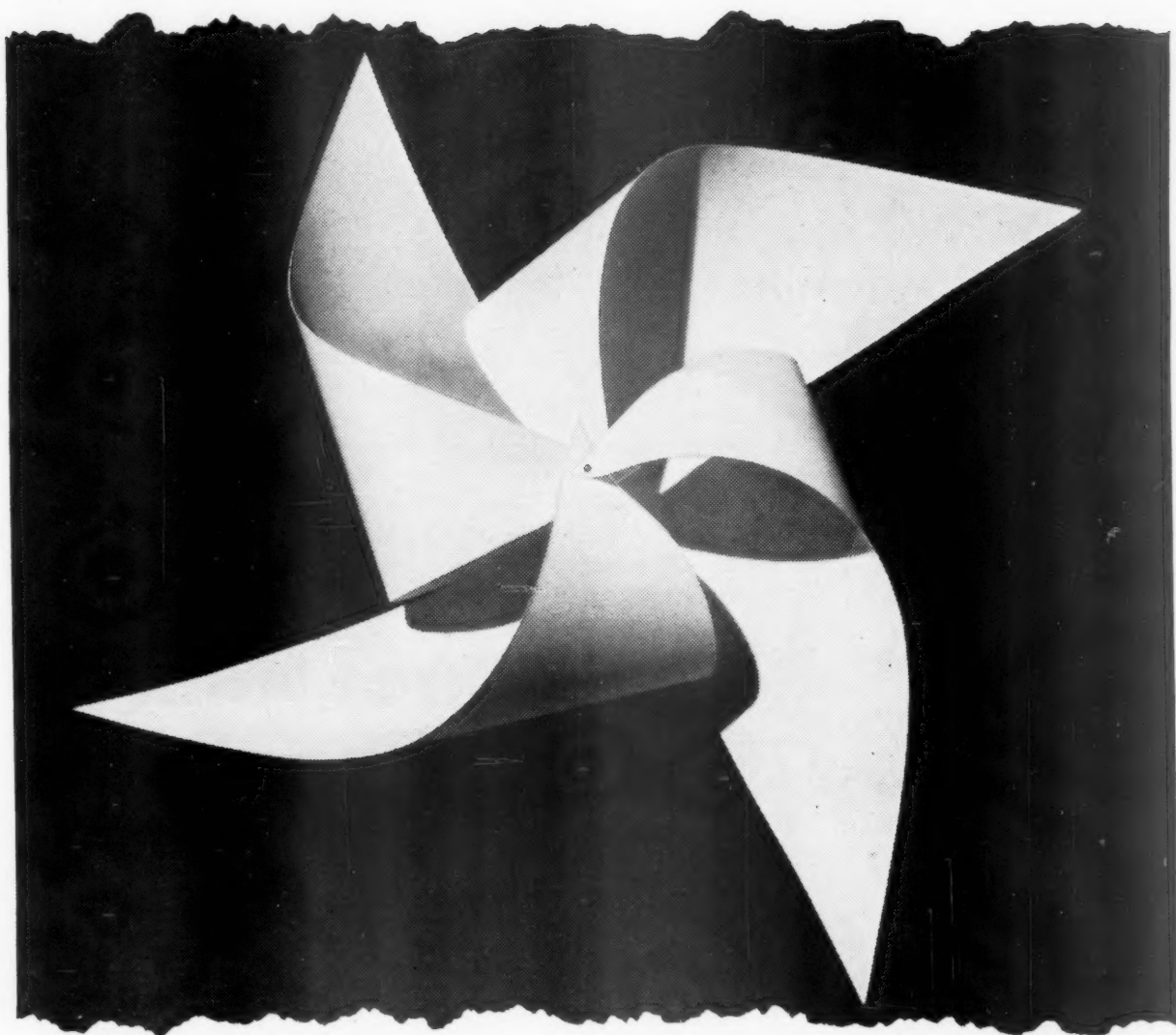
Pyjama perfect in

Cotella

'Oxford' pyjamas



Write for free pattern folder showing 28 different colour combinations and patterns: C/P Cotella, Aertex House, 465 Oxford St., London W.1



So much turns on paper – even more turns on finding exactly the right paper for each particular purpose, and *that* is one of Spicers many specialised functions in the world of paper. Able to look back on a hundred and fifty years' experience, Spicers have always preferred to look forward instead – by anticipating the needs of tomorrow.

*All the best **
PAPERS
meet at
SPICERS

* "Best", to Spicers means any variety of paper which is the correct, expert choice for a particular purpose – printing, writing, packaging or wrapping – and represents, price for price, the highest quality. The right paper for any job can be found at Spicers – together with the long experience which will helpfully guide you to it.

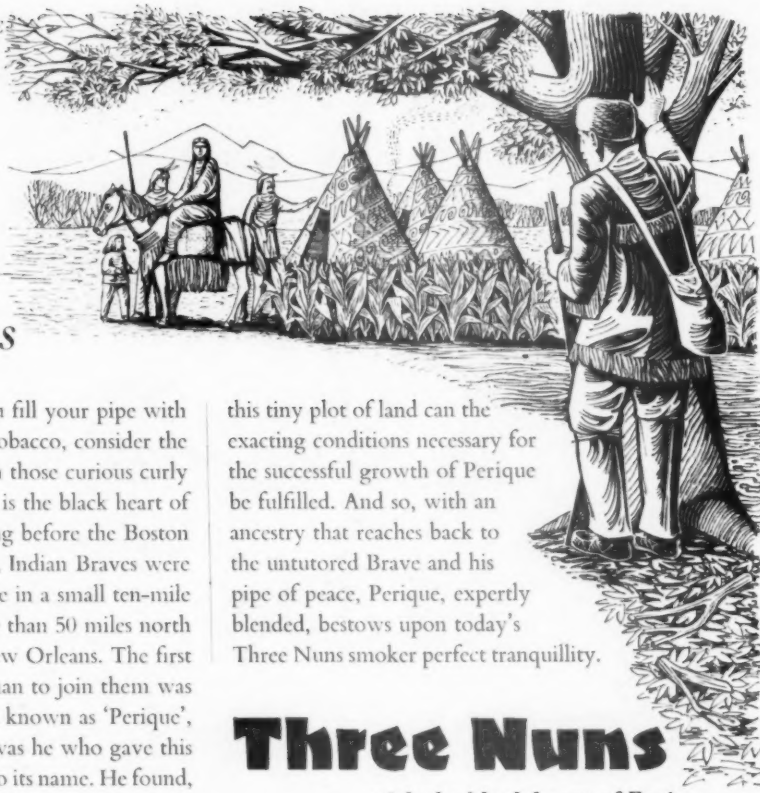
PERIQUE—AND THE PIPE OF PEACE



Perique—the subtle secret of Three Nuns



When next you fill your pipe with Three Nuns Tobacco, consider the dark centre which those curious curly discs possess. This is the black heart of Perique. Long before the Boston Tea Party, Indian Braves were cultivating Perique in a small ten-mile area not more than 50 miles north of New Orleans. The first white man to join them was Pierre Chenet, known as 'Perique', and it was he who gave this unique tobacco its name. He found, like others after him, that only in

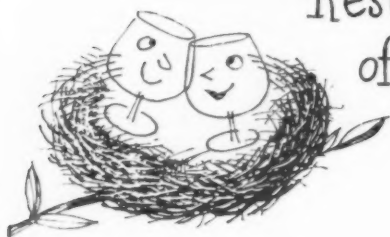


this tiny plot of land can the exacting conditions necessary for the successful growth of Perique be fulfilled. And so, with an ancestry that reaches back to the untutored Brave and his pipe of peace, Perique, expertly blended, bestows upon today's Three Nuns smoker perfect tranquillity.

Three Nuns

with the black heart of Perique

WHAT THE ★★★ FORETELL...



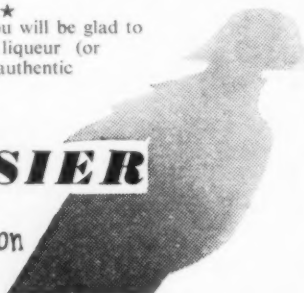
Restitution of convivial nights

Marriage is a wonderful institution, but who wants to live in an institution? When that is your question, here is an answer. Make it a rather special dinner by serving, with the coffee, liqueur Brandy . . . Cognac (no less) . . . Courvoisier!

For a moment he'll look at you over the edge of his glass; he is thinking what an original . . . what a fascinating woman you are. There are depths to your character he never even suspected. Madam, this is what you read in the stars . . . 'don't phone your mother, phone your wine merchant.'

★ ★ ★
Because the woman always pays, you will be glad to know that Courvoisier V.S.O.P. liqueur (or Three Star) costs no more for being authentic Cognac.

COURVOISIER
COGNAC
The Brandy of Napoleon
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FEX men's socks

are beautifully made, in short, standard, and long styles, in a variety of colours and fancy designs.

There are socks of wool, wool-and-nylon, 'Terylene,' and the new stretch-nylon.

Not unnaturally, men like them . . .

PEX

Socks & Stockings

H. T. H. PECK, LTD. LEICESTER



the things they say!



Glad I don't work for a big outfit!

Oh! Why not?

Well, you never see the boss, let alone get the chance of talking to him. Fact is, in a big factory like this you must be just a number without a name.

Bit out-of-date aren't you? In these I.C.I. factories there's plenty of chances for a man to make himself heard. He can see his foreman or manager at *any* time, and he can call on his shop steward or his works councillor if he wants help to put his case.

Through them he can make his views heard right at the top.



Maybe, but there can't be much of a matey spirit — I.C.I.'s just too big for that.

Don't you believe it! I.C.I. provides playing fields, recreation rooms and clubs where all the chaps can get together.

You should get yourself invited to an I.C.I. club some night — you'd see what I mean!

Maybe I will. But don't tell me that when I.C.I. provides all this it isn't guided by self-interest.



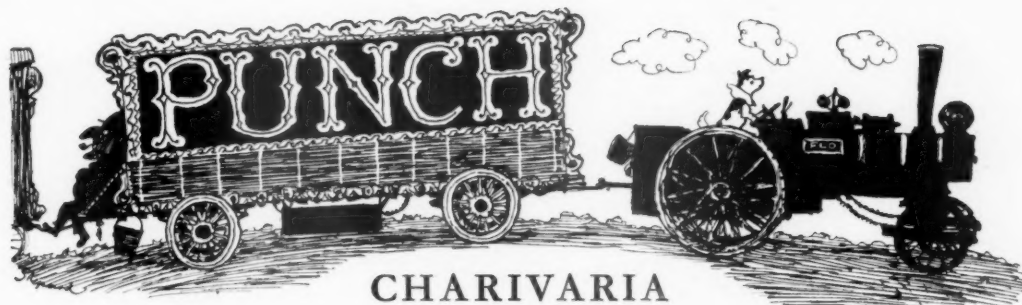
Of course it is. The Company wants to see the team spirit in all its works, for it knows that a happy team produces the best results.





"I think I'd like a little whisky.

I happen to know they've some White Horse."



CHARIVARIA

AMONG other news items overlaid by last week's events was the report that a Californian athlete had soundly beaten the Russian-held record for throwing the hammer. Observers in Hungary and points east say that Moscow is complacent. Russia still leads the world with the sickle.

No Connection

INHABITANTS of Sheppey, cut off from the mainland for the second time in a matter of weeks by damage to their only bridge, say that after looking at the few newspapers ferried across lately they intend to apply for self-government anyway.

Cold Psychological Warfare

BELATEDLY discovering that "jokes can be potent weapons" the U.S. Information Department is reported to be anthologizing funny stories of the "... and Khrushchev said to Bulganin" variety and supplying copies to American public affairs officers abroad. These officers must prepare for a disappoint-

ment, of course, when some prospective spreader of alarm and despondency reacts coolly to a newly-released gem, saying that he thought it was funnier when he heard it about Eisenhower and Nixon.



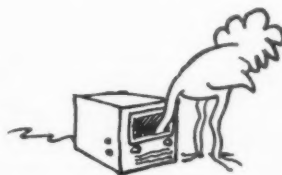
ment, of course, when some prospective spreader of alarm and despondency reacts coolly to a newly-released gem, saying that he thought it was funnier when he heard it about Eisenhower and Nixon.

Task That's Nearest

IT is understood in Fleet Street that Mr. Frederick Sands of the *Daily Mail*, writing from Lausanne at a time when colleagues were turning in heroically under-written accounts of their experiences at the barricades of Eastern

Time to Frivol

WHETHER by its own efforts or through the intervention of even loftier authority, the Third Programme clung sturdily to its independence the other Saturday. It was right that the Prime Minister, blanketing Home, Light,



B.B.C.T.V. and I.T.A., should leave one loophole which the escapist listener could get his ear to at 10 p.m.—and enjoy Mr. Frank Kermode's talk entitled "A Myth of Catastrophe."

Inside Out

IT was one of the lesser inevitabilities that once a successful book was published called *The Outsider* people should not only refer to the author as the Outsider owing to a Frankenstein-style misapprehension, but that an advertiser in the *New Statesman* should begin "Outsider, 24, etc.," before going on to offer other Outsiders a share in his caravan. Luckily, once a new culture torch catches fire as fiercely as this it soon burns away. Once we get Outsiders living inside caravans they are bound to become Insiders, which means that, from any commonsense point of view, the real Outsiders can only be those outsiders outside.

Defence the Best Attack

LAUNCHED at a Mansion House lunch, a programme of "glamour and jazz" and "marriage preparation classes" has

been planned by the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs, with the object of saving British youth from the temptations of the primrose path. Parents everywhere, in their stuffy way, are said to be planning a rival programme, with the object of saving British youth from the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs.

Outlook Unsettled

WIDESPREAD concern in the Church has been caused by reports that a new, electronic church-organ in Blackpool has been picking up weather forecasts and relaying them to the congregation. Clergy feel that any prophecies about extremes of temperature should come from the pulpit.

This Sweater is Dangerous

MEETING at Southport, the National Council of Women came out strongly against vulgar cinema shows, disgusting newspaper articles and "horrid advertisements for female underwear in tube



stations." While sympathetic towards these demure feelings several broader-minded sisters think that the Council went too far with a later resolution urging that "all inflammable clothing material be clearly marked as such."

Cash Knows No Frontiers

JUST as humanitarians were despairing over the inhumanity of white man to black a clear beam of encouragement comes shining out of the gloom, promising that a solution may yet be

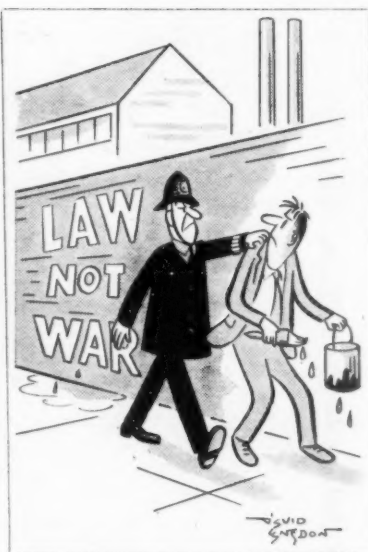
found to problems of racial bitterness. The decision by the South African Minister of Native Affairs to keep Basutos out of the centre of Ficksburg by restricting their shopping zones to the town's fringes "has aroused alarm among business men," who are protesting vigorously against the imposition of such cruel measures upon their coloured friends.

Balanced Economy

Now that milk is to cost yet another halfpenny a pint the Milk Marketing Board is wise to anticipate reduced sales by (to quote a Press review of the situation) "stepping up its advertising." Publicity experts say that the necessary appropriation won't work out at much more than a halfpenny a pint.

Something of Value

THE launching of the Premium Bonds scheme shared with the American Presidential Election a certain sense of overshadowing, and although the public queued encouragingly at the stand of Honest Hal Macmillan no one really felt that the Bonds were here to stay until reports came in that three hundred



pounds'-worth had been stolen in a raid on a Buckinghamshire sub-post-office.

Fair Shares Tangle

ECONOMISTS were cheated of an interesting exercise when the Ministry

of Housing and Local Government quashed a Welwyn Garden City scheme which proposed that car-owning council house tenants, on the ground of implied affluence, should assist motorless tenants with the rent. Students had hoped to see a time, if the idea went through, when the car-owners would have had to sell their cars to qualify for help with the rent from those lucky people who had now acquired cars as a result of being helped with the rent by car-owning tenants.

Can I Take a Snap?

TRAFFIC police in Minden, west Germany, are planning to shock motorists into better driving by taking them along to see their pedestrian victims in hospital. The point of the thing will have to be made absolutely clear, of course, if it isn't to become simply ten minutes' gloating.

Reprisal

LET'S get tough with Moscow,
And strike a blow that tells:
Who flouts the West
In Budapest,
Shall not see Sadler's Wells.

The Reunion of Democracy: An Ode

(after G. K. Chesterton)

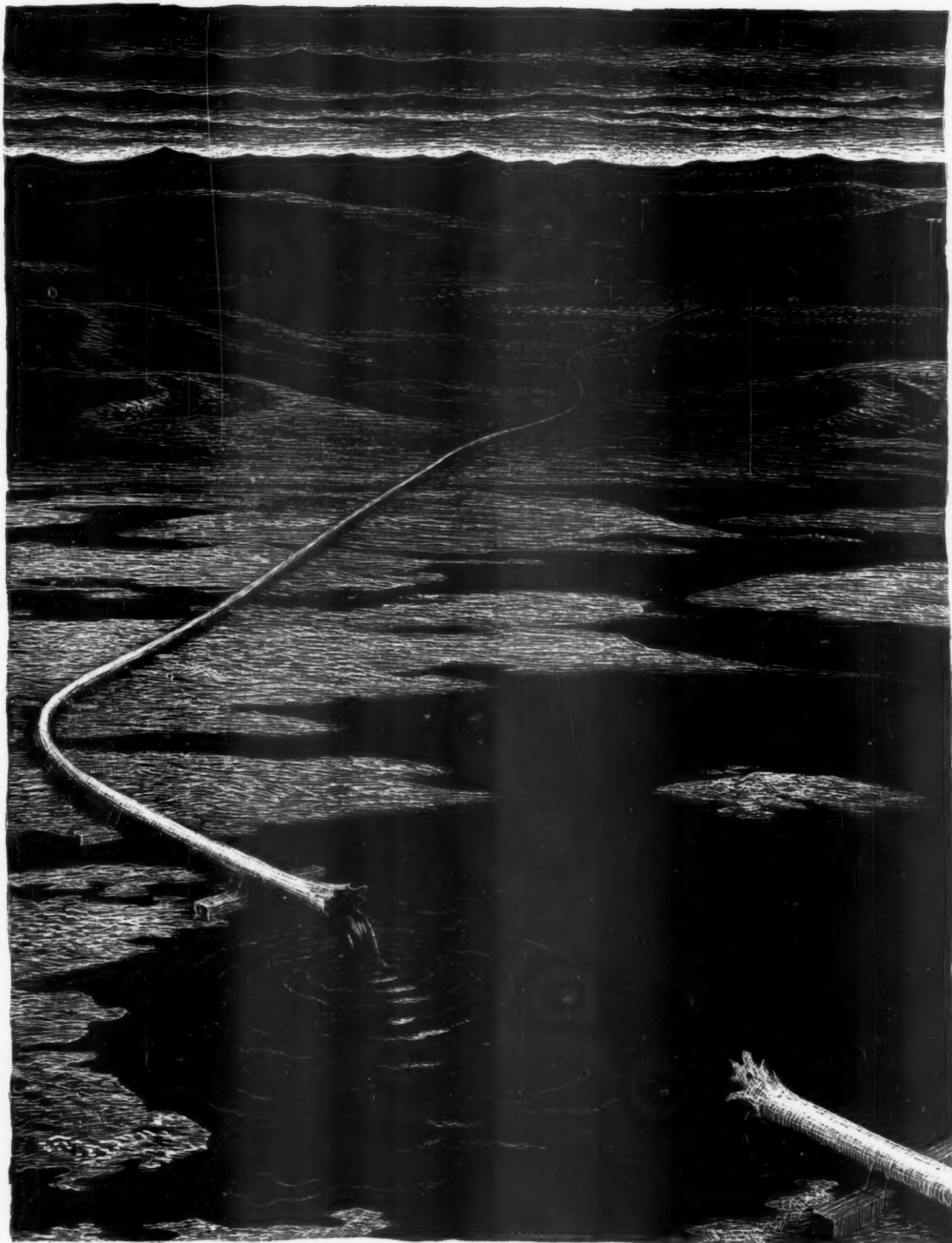
"Thank Heaven the rest of the world is against the Government's policy of criminal aggression."—Sam Heppner in the *Daily Worker*.

DO they dread the Russian reign
Ending, Sam,
In the broad Hungarian plain,
Comrade Sam?
Are they rising by the million
In the way that you suggest
Where the Danube runs vermilion
Through the shell of Budapest?
Will they send, in serried session,
An indignant telegram
Smiting "criminal aggression"—
Will they, Sam?

Russian *kulaks* in the mines
Slaving, Sam,
Take the most high-minded lines,
Don't they, Sam?
As they prop their failing limbs up,
Keeping just ahead of death,
Do they raise reproachful hymns up
With a last despairing breath,
Calling curses down on Britain,
Whose word is just a sham,
Not worth that on which it's written—
Really, Sam?

Lithuanians and Finns,
Comrade Sam,
Are indignant at our sins,
Aren't they, Sam?
And the Latvian crusader
Joins his rapt Estonian pal
In condemning the invader
Of his sacrosanct Canal;
And they'll gladly bear conscription
'Neath the Russian oriflamme
For the sake of the Egyptian,
Won't they, Sam?

Though the mote that you deplore I
Own to, Sam,
What about the beam in *your* eye,
Comrade Sam?
Don't the words of Marshal Zhukov
When he offers "armed support"
Seem to you to have a look of,
Well, aggression of a sort?
And when Russia tries invasion
Do you really care a damn?
We mistrust your indignation—
Chuck it, Sam. B. A. Y.



DESERT VICTORY



Barristers' Argot

By GEOFFREY LINCOLN

A COLLECTION of legal or court phrases is a vital piece of luggage for anyone hoping for even a modest failure at the Bar. By legal phrases are not meant those terrible little bits of Latin, *quod erat demonstrandum* or *honi soit qui mal y pense*, or whatever it is that only the oldest Chancery judges still have the cheek to mutter to themselves in mediæval pronunciation. Legal phrases are rather long, strictly ungrammatical bits of English used by judges and barristers when they want to keep talking and give their brains a much-needed rest. They also use them to show that they've been in Court before and know the sort of things that barristers and judges do say every quarter of an hour or so to assure each other that they're all friends and have all been brought up the same way. No one would think of using any of them except a barrister or a judge talking the argot, and a witness who suddenly said "In my humble submission" would be instantly and laughably shown up as some kind of imbecile.

Here then are a few pieces of legal argot for aspiring advocates and judges, not in any circumstances for use by the general public. Meaning, where a meaning can be traced, and the points at which they can be safely used, are indicated.

"Don't fence," or (it takes a little longer), "Are you trying to fence with me, Mr. Entwhistle?"

This is used in that brilliant display of damp legal fireworks, the cross-examination which isn't quite coming off. One old leader used an excellent gambit with expert witnesses cleverer than he. "What about the dog?" he would ask. "What dog?"—the expert who'd been called to give an opinion about the handwriting on a cheque went pale. "You heard the question: what about the dog?" "But what dog?" "I'll give you one more chance to answer my question, and if you refuse the jury will no doubt draw their own conclusions." "But I don't know about any dog." "The dog," the old pirate would thunder from under a wig blackened by age and experience, "Mr. Justice Wriggle said he wouldn't hang on your evidence last week." There are few men alive to-day with the eloquence and bad taste for that sort of lark. However, it is very useful, when the witness gives a bright answer which causes the judge to nod and a titter of delight to go through the back of the Court, to say "Are you trying to fence with me, Mr. Entwhistle?" Mr. Entwhistle sees himself suddenly and ridiculously posturing in tight trousers and a wire mask and can't make out what it's got to do with the case. No witness has ever told a judge, or even a barrister, not to fence with him, and he'd be mad to try.

"Having had the advantage of observing the demeanour of the husband and wife in the witness box I am quite satisfied that

(the wife is not telling me the whole truth about the tomato incident," or as the case may be).

This one is indispensable for judges. When he has made up his mind about the case a sensible judge will give among his reasons the fact that out of two pretty shifty spouses one seemed slightly more furtive about the tomatoes than the other. The use of this phrase makes things easy in the Court of Appeal. "After all, the judge had the advantage of observing the demeanour of the husband and wife in the witness box and he was quite satisfied, etc. . . ." It can also be used in a closing speech: "Your lordship having had the advantage," etc. . . . Note the use of the legal word *Satisfied*. In undefended divorce cases, having proved a routine visit to an hotel, it is customary to ask "If your lordship is quite *satisfied*." No doubt anticipating a gentle purr of contentment from the bench.

"With the greatest respect . . ."

This, of course, means with no respect at all. "With the greatest respect to the words which have just fallen from your lordship, it is difficult to see how Miss Jones could have recollected that incident clearly in view of the fact that she was not conceived until some three months later." This means "Did you sleep through *all* the evidence?" or "They do you a very adequate hearing-aid on the National Health." Note again the use of the word *fallen*. Words always fall from



judges, sometimes like autumn leaves, occasionally like bricks. A short and untroubled judgment often used by second or third Lords Justices of Appeal: "I agree with every word that has fallen from my lord and I have nothing to add."

"With the greatest respect" is as useful as "In my humble submission," which can be used at any juncture of any trial, and "If your lordship pleases," which can be used to start or finish any sentence. "If your lordship pleases perhaps I might mention the case

of . . ." Cases are always mentioned, lightly and hurriedly brought to the notice of the Court like a few inches of visible petticoat. Another useful time-filler which can be used after any question is "I'm much obliged." Sometimes this can be less than apt. "And as a result of this incident you sustained injuries?" "Two black eyes." "I'm much obliged." "A broken rib." "I'm much obliged." "And a dislocated shoulder." "I'm very much obliged." This form of examination in accident cases, though effortless, can be overdone.

A brilliantly successful advocate started his speech in a recent case by saying "Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum tactics." This was original, effective, and fully compensated Mr. Randolph Churchill for his disappointments on television. It could start a revolution in barristers' argot, but somehow the legal tongue seems to shy away from "Good lordship, your lordship!" or "Please pass the decree nisi." No, the old favourites are best, if I may say so; in my humble submission; with the greatest respect . . .

Another Escape from Time

By H. F. ELLIS

WHAT happened to me between half-past eight and ten o'clock on the evening of Tuesday November 6, 1956?

I make no apology for echoing the words with which Mr. Christopher Mayhew began his article "An Excursion Out of Time" in the *Observer* of October 28. It was that article, describing his experiences under the influence of the drug mescaline, that determined me to try to record my own behaviour, fantasies and hallucinations when in an abnormally stimulated condition. Mr. Aldous Huxley's earlier experiment with the same drug, resulting (as he recorded in *The Doors of Perception*) in an extraordinarily heightened sensitivity to beauty and in visual phenomena of intense brilliance and kaleidoscopic colour, had already turned my thoughts in this direction. But it was Mr. Mayhew's "escape from time"—his

consciousness while still rational and in control of his understanding, of experiencing events before their time and sometimes more than once—that crystallized a vague intention into action. The combination of full "awareness" of one's surroundings with a blissful independence of the normal restrictions of terrestrial existence appeared to me irresistible. Take this brief passage from Mr. Mayhew's account:

Dr. Osmond: Will you subtract 7 from 100 and go on subtracting it until nothing is left?

Myself: 93, 86, 79, 72, 63 (sic)—whatever it is—58, 51, 44, 37, 30, 23—I'm off again for a long period. But you won't notice that I've gone away at all.

Dr. Osmond: When are you coming back?

Myself: I am now in your time.

Dr. Osmond: Could you give us the next of the 100 minus 7 test?

Myself (about to go off again): I might

be able to start when I'm back again. I am back now. 34 (sic), 27, 20, 13, 6.

Here clearly is a state of mind, quite different from the ordinary hallucinations of sleep or anaesthesia, which it would be a pity not to experience once in a lifetime. There was, too, the possibility of beating an M.P. at arithmetic.

I did not use mescaline, partly because it is not readily available and partly because its effects have now been fairly fully explored. The drug chosen for the experiment was in this case a strong, dark ale, known technically as 5X, and it was administered to me by a Dr. Crimp, who very kindly made all the arrangements. The date selected was one on which, above all others, I desired to lose contact with the real world.

At exactly 8.36 p.m. I took a pint of the drug, which is not unpleasant to the

taste and can be easily engorged. Nothing happened for a quarter of an hour, though Dr. Crimp has a note of the following conversation.

Dr. Crimp: How are you feeling now?
Myself: Fine, thanks.

Dr. Crimp then administered another pint of the drug, and I experienced a slight but not painful sensation of tightness across the brows as though I were wearing a rather small bowler hat. The weight of the hat tended to increase as the drug permeated my system but I remained fully conscious of my surroundings and at no time lost sight of the fact that it is not my custom to wear a bowler in saloon bars, as the following conversation shows:

Myself: Am I wearing a rather small bowler hat?

Dr. Crimp: Is that the impression you now have?

Myself: No, no. I was only joking.

After the third pint I became aware that my legs were encased in a pair of thick but very cold woollen socks which stretched well above the knee and were there secured to the fleshy part of my thigh with pins. At the same time my brain became exceptionally clear, even for me, and I began to put the case against the Government with the passionless, pitiless logic of the Editor of the *Manchester Guardian*. I do not mean to say that at this time I was the editor of that paper; it was rather that he was me and all the force and felicity of his phrases were at my command. I had a sense of power and seemed to be looking down on Dr. Crimp and all other mortals from a tremendous height. Yet, corporeally, I remained on the same level, and proved it by tapping the doctor eleven times on the chest to reinforce my arguments. There was also a feeling of lightness. I could have risen to the ceiling with ease; but I

remained fully rational and did not attempt it. Indeed so orderly and controlled were my thoughts that for twenty minutes without a pause I gave my companion a comprehensive review of the situation in the Middle East, including some notes on my early upbringing and subsequent career and a very brief account of the origin of the Olympic Games. I then had another pint.

Dr. Crimp: Are you still conscious of your surroundings.

Myself: Let me get a word in edgewise. I have a sensation that I am receding backwards with infinite velocity outside space, and my stockings have now reached my armpits. But what is that to you? Mind your own business. I am perfectly capacious—whatever the word is—

Dr. Crimp: Will you multiply 9 by 6 and keep on doing it until you run out of numbers?

Myself (catching sight of a notice above a door which seemed to stand out with supranormal clarity): Certainly not, by any means. I am going away now for a short period, whether you notice it or not. I may return when I come back if this drug starts working. (*I then went away for a time, during which I had the sensation of bumping into a number of people and even of falling over a stout woman eating crisps. But I was still fully aware of the real world and remembered to ask each of them in turn where the hell they thought they were going.*) I am now back again. What was it you wanted to know, you flabby old doctor?

Dr. Crimp: Kindly multiply 9 by 6.

Myself: You have no right. It isn't as if I was in charge of a car is it or whatever it is. You are barking up the wrong leg. 9 by 6, eh? Well, 9 by 6 is 54, by 6 is 300 odd, by six is 18,000 (*sic*), by 6 is 50 million (*hic*)—Where have you got to now?

Dr. Crimp: Don't shout. People are looking.

When I had had a little more of the drug it began to take effect, and I now experienced something of the confusion of time noted by Mr. Mayhew. "I was experiencing," he says in his article, "the events of 3.30 before the events of 3.0; the events of 2.0 after the events of 2.45, and so on." With me, the derangement of time, though marked, was less extended. I found myself, that is to say, taking out my handkerchief *after* I had blown my nose, and on one occasion experienced the action of tilting my glass some time after I had finished drinking. There was a sensation of wetness. Several times I was conscious of putting my pipe down at a spot to

which the table did not return until some moments later, so that in the real world the pipe should have fallen to the floor. I also shared Mr. Mayhew's phenomenon of experiencing the same event many times over. But I remained throughout perfectly capable of discussing these phenomena with the doctor.

Myself: I have the hallucination that my pipe ought to keep falling to the floor.

Dr. Crimp: It does.

Myself: Another thing. I am now so far outside time that I am convinced we have had this identical conversation several times already.

Dr. Crimp: We have.

Myself: I am going away again now.

A curious feature of the affair is that whereas when Mr. Mayhew "went away" for what seemed to him to be periods of hours and even years no real time in fact elapsed at all, when I "went away" for what seemed to me no more than a second the saloon clock recorded three-quarters of an hour.

Dr. Crimp: So you've woken up at last.

Myself: I merely shut my eyes for a moment in order to enjoy the sensation of being rolled downhill in a barrel. Let's have another pint of this drug.

At this point the landlord, who had up to now co-operated admirably in the experiment, refused to supply any more of the drug, declaring that he had called "Time" fifteen times over and was sick of it.

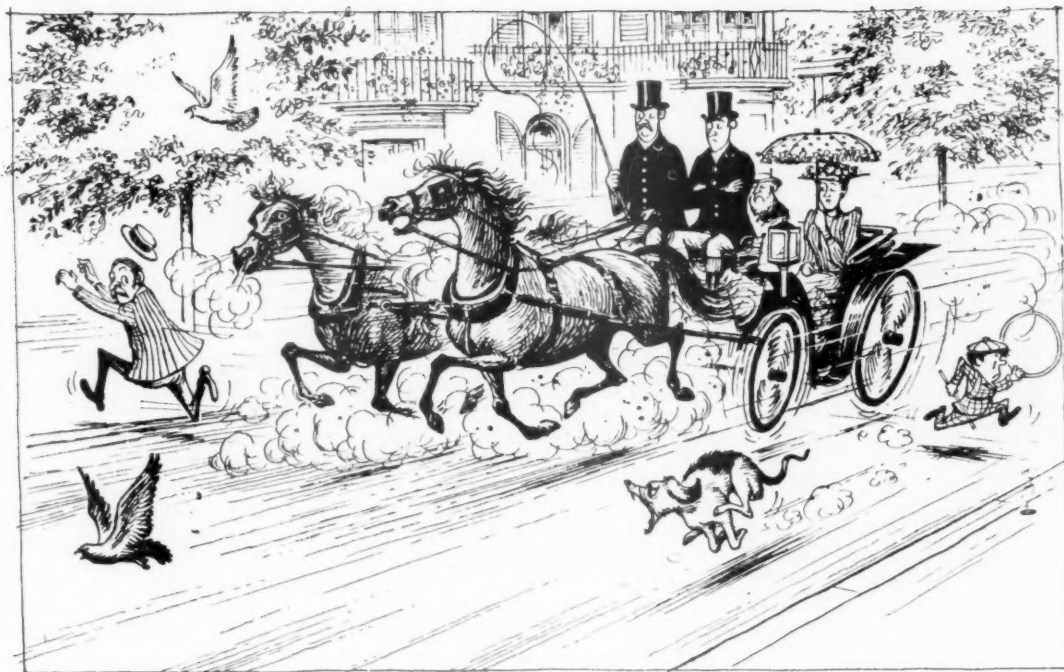
Myself: That was your time. I am not in landlord's time at present. Kindly give me a pint until I come back.

Landlord: You've had more than enough. Be off with you.

Myself: Multiply nine by six, and be damned to you, you miserable ham-faced hallucination.

I now experienced the sensation (not recorded by either of my predecessors) of being lifted up by the slack of my trousers and sent flying off in a disembodied state right out of space and time. My sensibilities were heightened to an extraordinary degree. Colours whirled kaleidoscopically. I became acutely aware of swing doors. Time ceased to have any relevance, so that I hardly knew whether it was ten o'clock or Easter Monday. A great white light bathed me momentarily in an unearthly radiance. Then darkness descended and the gates of perception clanged shut behind me.





It seems a far cry from those more leisurely days . . .



. . . to the frenzied rush of to-day.

Oh, Surprise!

IN about as humdrum a row of sennights as we are likely to see for quite a while—nothing to keep but calm, nothing to carry but on—yawns partially engulfed the full inner significance of two things which were disclosed as having happened, one of them being comforting because it proved that what you always thought in your vague way was going to happen actually was going to happen, and the other a stimulant and adrenalin-jerker of unusual authority demonstrating that what everyone kept titteringly saying never could happen, could and did.

The first event was that one literally triggered off by U.S. Naval Test Pilot Tom Attridge.

You knew, and I knew, that if things went on the way they were going, sooner or even much sooner one of these fast-moving characters was going to catch up with himself and take a bump. Scientists—pseudo as it turned out—listened to our conversations on the point and sneered. Wisenheimer actually went on to a lecture platform at Birmingham and made what he had the impudence to term an "analysis" of this "approach."

He said that just for a start it was nothing but a hangover from a primitive

and outmoded form of moral reasoning. You are jealous of other people's capacity to be supersonic, Wisenheimer affirmed.

"The non-supersonic man," he lied, "on reading of another man flying at supersonic speed, feels his personal virility aspersed, and soon comes to believe that women are sneering at him. He seeks to 'compensate' by developing a schizophrenic fantasy of 'inevitable retribution.' He says 'Just you wait, pretty soon one of those fellows is going to be up there firing a four-second burst from his guns, and he's going to be going so fast he's going to bump into one of his shells from behind, that's what.'"

"This travesty of scientific fact," Wisenheimer said, glaring at a man in the audience who was shuffling his feet and trying to say something, "is an absolutely elementary piece of wishful thinking. It's also defeatist. And as for you, sir," he shouted, "just because you personally funk, I repeat funk, going to the Moon, that's no reason for trying to discourage others with a lot of slanderous poppy-cock about the sort of climate the Moon has."

At this point the shuffling man stopped shuffling his feet and got on to

them and read aloud the official U.S. Naval statement about how Test Pilot Attridge, diving over Long Island at 880 m.p.h., fired a four-second burst from the 20-mm. guns of his Grumman F11F-1 fighter, and shortly had his windshield shattered by an object.

"Must have been a bird," muttered Wisenheimer.

"Examination," continued the shuffler, still reading, "of the airplane proved that Pilot Attridge had hit no bird, he had overtaken and run down the fire from his own guns. If the projectiles had been explosive, Pilot Attridge would not have got home alive."

Momentarily nonplussed, Wisenheimer was off the floor before the count of ten and from a crouching position snarled that obviously the shells were going a lot too slowly.

It was altogether a bad phase for Wisenheimer, because a few days before that team of British cooks won the top international award in a competition to find out who are the best cooks in the world, Wisenheimer, lecturing at Carlisle, had got off another analysis, proving that the mere notion of such an eventuality was a laughable, if not despicable, piece of wishful thinking.

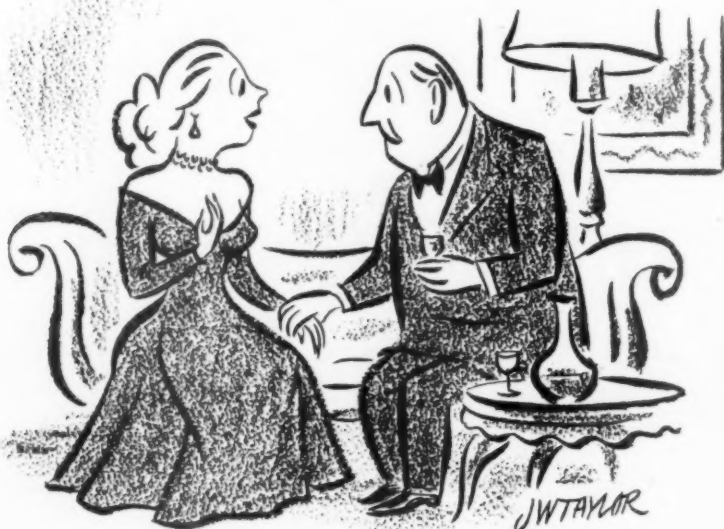
"Just for a start," he said, "the person who supposes English cooking to be good is a clear case of infantilism—liked the stuff he got in the nursery and has been trying to get back to it ever since. Can't adjust to spaghetti or bean sprouts with pork and sweet and sour sauce, and a nice pile of arroz valenciano sets him off screaming for Nanny."

"Secondly," averred Wisenheimer, "the English spirit of amateurism precludes victory in a tough contest of this kind. The Americans and Russians put up the money to train their lads in kitchens a mile long, and give them time off from pole-vaulting just to cook and cook and cook. Pshaw."

Shortly afterwards Wisenheimer was buttonholed on his way to a lecture room at Leeds by a man whom he recognized as the foot-shuffler of Birmingham.

"You following me about?" snapped Wisenheimer.

"Yes, indeed," riposted the other, thrusting under the other's nose the



"I'll have to put your proposition to the Board—I'm a limited company, you know."

newspaper clipping telling of the triumph of the four British chefs.

Staggering against the ropes, his face badly marked, Wisenheimer snarled through swollen lips that if the newspaper reports were true, which he doubted because he knew a thing or two about newspapers, the reason was that the continental competitors had been upset by the international situation; unlike the British, who were too insular to notice anything beyond the range of the electric range.

"Seems to me, Wisenheimer," said Shuffler, "that in the light of this news it's about time you went in for some pretty drastic reassessment of too readily accepted hypotheses about the British, long assumed to be based on fact, now proved by these cooks to be baseless figments."

"Well," said Wisenheimer, "they're certainly phlegmatic, cold, under-sexed, and don't understand what women need to make them happy. Everyone knows that."

"That's what you think," sneered Shuffler, a note of ill-concealed triumph in his voice. "Probably you are unaware that in the *Vie de Venise* competition to find 'Mr. Universe, the World's Most Glamorous Man,' the English entrant failed only because he was unable to contain himself until the final round

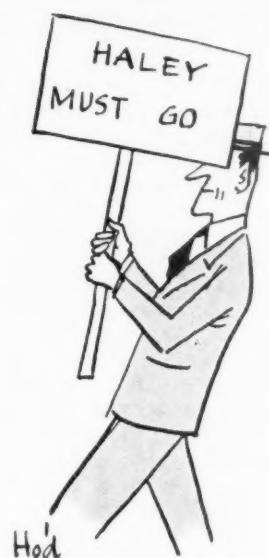
before eloping with Miss Universe and leaving the country to marry her just before he could be served with two writs for breach of promise, and an action for assault and battery by an Italian who had ventured to raise his hat to a girl whom the Englishman was currently escorting to the Festival canteen."

"May have been Welsh," muttered Wisenheimer.

"Born and bred in Wolverhampton," retorted Shuffler. "And if you'd like to do a little bit more rashly-accepted-notion-adjustment, old man, I have here"—he drew a ream or so of closely-typed foolscap pages from his brief case—"the statistics showing the number of Englishmen who (a) abhor the game of cricket and (b) habitually cheat, or seek to cheat, at that game as and when they are compelled to play it."

"Your attitude, sir," said Wisenheimer, "strikes me as boastful and hysterical. Furthermore your outburst offends the accepted canons of good taste."

"I would have you remember," said Shuffler, "that I am an Englishman. Were I in a position to take you to my home, what I call my 'castle,' I could show you many other documentary proofs of these derisive under-estimates and misconceptions of the English character and capabilities. Unluckily



the place is at present occupied by a number of inspectors and investigators from various Government Departments."

He emphasized his statement with a sharp jab below the belt. Wisenheimer fell to the ground. Pausing only to ascertain that he was actually down, Shuffler successfully aimed a kick at him.
C. C.

Fowler's Middle Eastern Usage

aggression, police action. The phrases have not always been synonymous, & even now, though the use of one may be said to contain the other more or less submerged, the sensible writer will use quotation marks if there is any doubt about where he stands:—*Early this morning threats by Russia to stop Anglo-French 'aggression' by force . . .* In any case *Eden's police* is preferable to *Eden's cops*, though neither usage is recommended. See EUPHEMISM.

crisis. The O.E.D. defines *crisis* as 'a state of affairs in which a decisive change for better or worse is imminent' so it is nonsense to say that the current usage, i.e. a continual state of international tension, is a debased one & that the word should be kept for actual worsenings (the idea of improvement is

clearly obs.) in the situation. This does not mean that any use of *crisis* (e.g. THE CRISIS WIDENS) is correct, or even defensible. See BALDERDASH.

threaten, warn. *Russia Warns Britain. Sensational Kremlin letter to Eden. Russia threatened Britain last night . . .* The fact that the shorter word may fit better into a headline is no excuse for confusing two totally distinct meanings. A *warning* is issued by someone who is, however temporarily, on the writer's side, but *threats* are issued by opponents. Thus *Russia warns Britain & Russia warns Eden* are correct in the *News Chronicle & Daily Herald*, & the pedantic can revel in *Russia threatens Britain & France with force—then comes swift warning from Eisenhower* (*Daily Mail*) & can to some extent appreciate

the blundering goodwill of *Bulganin Threat. Then Ike gives a warning* (*Daily Express*), though we need not condone Marshal Bulganin's role as an adjective; but *In messages—filled with stern threats—to Britain & France, Bulganin talked about the use of rocket weapons. He warned Sir Anthony . . .* (*Daily Sketch*) can only confuse the reader without even deceiving him.

tough. In *tough fighting* the adjective has become so inseparable from the noun as to lose any particular qualifying meaning & might be allowed to wither quietly away.

victory. The confusion with *cease-fire* is natural enough, & perfectly harmless so long as the writer does not tell us who the victor is.
P. D.

Dig These Crazy Times

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

DID Earl Attlee ever get back? There was a three-line paragraph saying that he planned to, but the last impression on the public retina still shows him on an elephant, garlanded, his Countess beside him. After that, nothing. A Mr. Gomulka stole his limelight, and while this may be all right for anyone interested in Poles it is very frustrating for the great mass of celebrity-followers.

Who would have thought, a fortnight ago, that the Rev. Philip St. John Ross could return to his native soil without full Fleet Street honours? But the inconceivable happened. This hero of a

hundred front pages, whose romantic posthumous elopement with a lady parishioner stirred the imagination of millions, slipped back unrecognized, a mere obscure clergyman. If the public were informed at all, it was in a smudged foot-of-column whisper. Where is he now? For all the British people know he may be on exhibition in a barrel somewhere, with no one queuing up to see.

There have been other celebrated casualties during this strange, unnatural time, victims of the cruel whirligig of events. Shall we ever hear any more, now, of Mr. Don Cockell's fight for his

wife in a saloon bar? It seems doubtful. He held his ground on the front pages stoutly for a time, but two hundred thousand Hungarians marched in and trampled him. The last message was Mrs. Cockell's: "I shall never go back to Don." But did she? Millions want to know. And reporters who dropped him without a qualm in favour of this Imre Nagy will have their work cut out to regain their readers' confidence. Many of these same readers are completely in the dark about the present whereabouts and activities of Miss Norma (Sabrina) Sykes. A crowd tore off her bodice at Birkenhead, after she had presented a motor-scooter to a cinema competition winner; she was rescued in a fainting condition from admirers in Sheffield, after ceremonially opening a new multiple tailors'. But after that the signals grew faint, and stopped altogether.

The public is asking, at present in vain, when an official spokesman will bring them up to date on the Diana Dors, Dennis Hamilton, Rod Steiger affair. Matrimonial reshuffles in high places are of wide and legitimate world interest. But nowadays, after the routine "We're just friends" dispatch, the marriage lines seem to go dead. Are Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton "as much in love as ever" or not? People want to *know*. There is a similar blackout curtain drawn across the connubial redeployments of Miss Elizabeth Taylor. Who was this Mike Todd? Did he get the girl? When are we going to *hear* something? Readers following the story so far, found themselves up against some interloper they'd never heard of—Rokossovsky, Mahmoud Fawzi, some name of that kind. Everything seems to have gone haywire. Was there anything in the report that Donald Peers was going to marry Kay O'Dwyer? Where is the Duke of Kent? What news of Canon ("My wife *does* believe") Raven?

There is a movement afoot—which, naturally enough, has been kept out of the papers in these topsy-turvy days—to make an approach to UNESCO about this whole business, demanding that a subordinate body be set up with the express purpose of keeping the flow of information moving at times of international tension. A provisional title has



"Don't worry, mac. There'll be no political discussions with the native I'm meeting to-night."

been suggested—United Nations Celebrity Continuity Committee, and it is hoped that information, centrally collected, will be piped to UNCCC offices set up in world capitals. It has not yet been decided whether these items of news should be distributed on an ordinary telephone question-and-answer basis—

Q. Is Porfirio Rubirosa's latest wife his fourth or fifth?

A. Fifth, according to our latest dispatch.

—or whether tape-recordings of all the latest news should be made several times daily, and automatically played back to inquirers.

It is up to world opinion to make its weight felt in demanding the speedy establishment of this organization. These are not ordinary times. Over-

night, turns in international events can knock a savoury morsel from the reader's fork just as his mouth has begun to water—a point which is regarded seriously by medical experts, and may secure backing for the scheme from W.H.O.

Meanwhile, news of the project has leaked out, though unfortunately in rather vague terms. Reports from U.N. say that Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld has already received a flood of messages marked "Personal," asking what was the follow-up on reports that the Duke of Edinburgh was balding fast, where is Rita Comer, has Greet Hofmans really been run out of Holland, did Neil McKechnie (17, Wallasey) ever get to swim in the Olympics, and is there any confirmation that someone has sighted Group Captain Townsend's jeep?



In the True Sporting Spirit

By PATRICK CAMPBELL

THE second British Olympic contingent to leave for Melbourne spent several hours last week collecting, in brilliant amateur disorder, plastic mackintoshes, shoe polish, glucose tablets, bath towels and other items of sporting equipment from a couple of resignedly harassed girls in the billiards-room of the Bayswater hotel that recently housed Nina of the Five Hats.

Just before the off I was whipped through the labyrinthine passages of the establishment by the manageress—a short, gay lady of middle years who assured me the whole thing was going to go like clockwork. To demonstrate the process she sped up a flight of stairs, trotted through a large room filled with trestle tables, into the billiards-room, out through another door, along a dark, narrow passage, down another flight of stairs and into a hallway where there was a large weighing-machine, attended by representatives of B.O.A.C. We put on a fresh burst of speed, shot through the dining-room and came out into the vestibule again, our original point of departure. "There you are, you see," the manageress said, her breathing unimpaired. She must have been in near-Olympic trim herself.

The vestibule by now was alive with the flower of the British athletic world—the men in dark-blue blazers, grey

flannels and brown shoes, the ladies in white cardigans, grey skirts about three inches too long, and footwear revealing a tendency towards individual choice. The ladies were for the most part shy, flushed and anxious—the gentlemen buoyantly bright. The air was electric with pure physical health—a thing you hardly ever see in Bayswater hotels. At any moment it seemed that these young people might burst into a series of cartwheels, or some other demonstration of muscular well-being. Big shoulders and pink complexions were worn by ladies and gentlemen alike. If a fire had started they could have been three miles away before the ordinary residents had had time to lever themselves out of their seats.

I fell into conversation with the veteran sportsman Jack Crump, who was in charge of these seventy-eight rubber balls. He appeared at his ease, thanking the wife of another official who said she'd brought along her marking ink to inscribe the competitors' names on their various articles of clothing. She offered to do Mr. Crump's. "All my stuff's gone on to Australia," Mr. Crump said. "But you can do my Panama hat." The lady said she'd make a point of it. Another lady came hurrying up to Mr. Crump. "Mr. Williams," she announced anxiously,

"says he won't have his overnight bag weighed with the rest of his luggage!" Mr. Crump poured himself another cup of tea. "Someone's in for a rude awakening," he said.

He then got into a discussion with yet another lady on the subject of track suits. "All I know is," he said firmly but without rancour, "they can't wear their Olympic suits before the Games." "But they can't bring their old ones, Jack!" the lady cried. "They'll be overweight!" He was distracted by Mrs. Tyler, the high-jumper. She wanted to know the exact hour of departure on the first leg of the journey to Istanbul. "I've got to do something about getting my children to school," she explained.

Mr. Crump appeared to be about to deal with this problem when someone said to him "It's half-past two. We'd better get cracking, Jack."

Mr. Crump then gave a short talk to the athletes gathered in the vestibule, to the distraction of an elderly Indian visitor who was trying to find out from the hotel receptionist if it was necessary for him to report his arrival to the police. "You gather up your kit," Mr. Crump was saying, "up the stairs, collect the rest of your stuff, down the other stairs, where you'll pick up your passports and tickets. Any questions?" There weren't

any. There never are, in these circumstances. "Right," said Mr. Crump. "We'll take it in batches—ten swimmers, ten athletes and so on—"

I hurried up the stairs into the billiards-room to wait for the first batch, only to find the two billiards-room ladies in a state of controlled panic. "They're only supposed to get one badge with their towels and handbooks," one of the ladies exclaimed, "and I've gone and wrapped up two!" Both of them were rapidly unrolling and re-rolling small tissue-paper packets. I gave them a hand. "I promise you," said the lady in the red cardigan humorously, "it'll be the death of me."

The first batch of ten appeared—some

of the men already wearing their Panama hats at angles sufficiently comic to indicate that they certainly weren't taking the hats seriously. Several of them still had the labels hanging down at the back.

"I do hope you're swimmers," the lady in the red cardigan said, "otherwise we're in a frightful muddle." A large young man called Miller said "I think I'm a swimmer, but a lot of people don't share my opinion." He picked up a pink cardboard box. "Do I get one of these?" he asked. The red cardigan lady desperately lit another cigarette. "No, no," she said. "That's shoe cream—it's only for the girls!"

Another young man took a B.O.A.C. bag out of a cardboard box. "I can't

remember if I've got one of these," he said. "I'd better be on the safe side." He added it to the rest of his supplies and left the billiards-room by the wrong door, followed by all the others.

"I thought they were supposed to go through there," I said, indicating the door leading eventually to the weighing scales, "with their luggage."

The red cardigan lady's helper, who was also smoking heavily, smiled with some cynicism. "It looked fine on paper," she said.

Another batch of five—not ten—appeared. Three of them were girls. One of the young men said "I didn't get a shirt. Have they been issued yet?" The red cardigan lady gave him an appealing look. "I must do the distribution first," she said, "and then we can take the queries." "Don't I get one of the green and yellow towels?" he asked. "Swimmers only, for the green and yellow towels, *please!*" said the lady. That batch went out by the wrong door, too, colliding cheerfully and derisively with the batch coming in.

I couldn't help wondering what was happening to the B.O.A.C. weighing machine, ticket and passport unit, and went down the right staircase to have a look. A number of batches, all of whom seemed to have lost their identity, were crowded in the narrow hallway, stumbling over one another's suitcases, and anxiously watching the scales. The lady with the marking-ink watched the confusion with some interest, but without marking anything.

A tall, pretty, perspiring girl called Miss Long dumped her two cases on the scales, added her overnight bag and let out a very young cry of anxiety as they registered 62 lb. "You'll have to take something out, dear," said the marking ink lady, "I can't imagine what." Miss Long, painfully embarrassed, stumbled away upstairs, clutching her three pieces of luggage and falling over everyone else's. "Scrub Long for the moment," someone told the B.O.A.C. people. "She's overweight!"

In trying to get out, to give the British Olympic team more room, I myself fell heavily over a large parcel labelled "JAVELINS."

5 5 Nature Cure

"Sir Anthony has been fed with State Documents by two private secretaries over the week-end."—*Daily Express*



Proverbs

By Claud Cockburn

"SPEED is what you make it." What does that phrase, that essentially British summation, mean to you?

Did you, for instance, know that the remark—very possibly dating from the days of Bluff King Hal or beyond—is a *proverb* in common use to-day?¹

Increase your "proverb power," as attested witch-doctors now term it. Your Bank Manager will of course help you—but even he cannot do everything. In Cambodia they have a word for it—they call it "Deep-not-say-nothing." (The phrase is of course untranslatable.)

For your convenience, Professor Gneisenau, Wilson Professor of Illogical Negativism at Iowa State U, has compiled a short list (reading time four minutes if your interest holds that long) of *proverbs of many peoples*, all carefully culled.²

"The All is not Nothingness, nor is Nothingness All." This is a multi-purpose proverb formerly mainly in use among Tibetan monks and now in use solely among Tibetan monks. It means just what it says and has been found, in certain cases, useful to Thinkers. It is, however, dangerous to exceed the stated dose.³

"See, the pine tree is tall, yet it does not touch the sky." The first Scandinavian observer of the facts of nature to see the inner truth of this—at the time fairly rusty—old saw was awarded a Fellowship at the University of Upsala.⁴

"A bomb is a bomb is a bomb." This characteristic piece of Old Iroquois folklore is engraven on the pedestal of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C. If genuine, the inscription gives us a very deep insight into the thought-patterns of that Long-Ago. The alternative is best dealt with in a footnote.⁵

"'Tis not the Much that counts, 'tis the Muchness" is a saying so often said in Somerset, Essex, Northumberland and points east in Britain's England that it requires little elucidation. However, the Inquiry Bureau at Professor Gneisenau's office is always ready and willing to give elucidation where required.⁶

"Pawky," notes Gneisenau, "is a good word to say about a proverb," and this word may be employed in connection with the saying, common among pawky New Englanders, that "There ain't never been but two sides to a dollar bill." Anyone who has ever fingered a dollar bill can testify that this is a fact.⁷

The essential Fear, the underlying *Angst*, the ever-haunting sense of Guilt without which no intelligent person living to-day could get by for more than a month or two are poignantly expressed in the French proverb—attributed to an early Frenchman—"There are gloves which have no hands in them." It has been considered preferable to relegate comment on this statement to a footnote.⁸

¹The proverb, so far from "possibly" dating from the times of the late Henry VIII, was invented by a Miss Doria Pendennis, of Staines, when toodling along the Great West Road behind a traffic-block. Her escort courteously asked her whether she found the speed too slow, and she replied with the apophthegm quoted above.

²"Culled" is pretty much of an over-statement. The trick here, between all of us down among the footnotes, is to find out which of his cullings he culled and which he invented out of what an authority on the textile industry has called "the whole cloth."

³It is also dangerous to make up your mind, on first seeing a proverb, that it actually means anything. The whole point of a sawing kind of apophthegm is, that is, that it looks as if meant something and then you sit back and wonder what it means. This is the only point that does not distinguish a proverb from other statements (not listed by Gneisenau), such as declarations of policy by Coal Boards.

⁴Nonsense. The place was Oslo. The pine trees there are taller but still do not reach the sky. "Or," to quote the Professor of Realism at Reading, "cannot be authoritatively stated to have done so yet."

⁵The alternative is to suppose that the engravings are impudent forgeries, inscribed there by agents of Senator McCarthy with the purpose of embroiling Communist Agents who might have been expected to have been up to that sort of game. This view has lately been confirmed so that the entire statement makes complete nonsense.

⁶No comment.

⁷The four sides connecting the two main sides are too small in area to count as sides proper.

⁸This would be a typically old-French bit of work if it had not, in fact, been thought of for the first time by a young Scotsman who, in 1956 or the year after, when fingering a glove, found it had no hand in it. Since the glove was one which he was examining at the Railway Lost Property Office to determine whether or not it was one of a pair he had mislaid in the Selkirk train a week or two before, he had not expected to find a hand in it. In fact, had there so been, our youthful Scot would have got quite a jolt. As it was, and we want to make this clear, there was no severed hand in sight anywhere, and it was in celebration of this "release of tension"—as Professor Gneisenau puts it—that he coined the Old French phrase quoted above.



Ronald Searl,

T. S. Eliot

What we praise most, in your adopted land,
Are all the things we cannot understand.
So stand not on the Order of your Merit;
England has honours yet you may inherit.
Pile fame on fame, reflecting as you go
"Omne ignotum pro magnifico."

HEROES OF OUR TIME — 5

PUNCH, November 14, 1956





Tea with an Author

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

THE most dangerous time in a married woman's life is the empty afternoon. It is then she gets up to mischief . . . writing little notes, and worse still posting them; putting on mudpacks, dipping into boxes of marshmallows; irresponsibly playing with that most deadly weapon in the hands of idle women, the telephone. She does herself no good, no good at all; not with the letters, nor with the mudpacks and marshmallows; and least of all with the telephone.

There are still, in this harsh mid-century, idle women with empty afternoons; and the incidence is highest in the residential districts of the capital. But in the S.W.3 district the idle surface is troubled by restless intimations of quicker currents. There is a pervasive intellectual irritant in the air which will not leave the mind in blessed blankness under the mudpack; which takes the sweetness from the marshmallows, and renders the novels, as escapes to happiness, ineffectual. It is an itch which drives women out of their houses and into picture galleries and French films, to *avant garde* exhibitions in basement flats, to displays of Scandinavian furnishings, Japanese floral decoration, and European peasant crafts in the contemporary galleries of the department stores.

It is an ill itch that does nobody any good, and the more progressive emporiums turn it to excellent account in many of their departments. The book department is an obvious beneficiary: here customer and writer can be brought face to face over the autograph table; and from time to time more subtle attractions are advertised. *Tea with an Author* is a series which not only brings together customer, writer, book department and library, but also benefits the restaurant. Only imagine how nice it is for Mrs. Basil Pont, on a Wednesday, to visit a Brompton Road store with a Knightsbridge address and find, for 4/6, everything her restless heart desires: occupation for the afternoon; tea and patisserie; and a "well-known author" to satisfy her intellectual cravings.

It seems of little consequence to her that the well-known authors are for the most part well known in respect of other

talents than writing books. In fact she scarcely realizes it; for this is, thanks to television, an age of famous nonentities, and it is difficult to remember who is well known for what. Speakers in the series have all one thing in common, a recently published book; but their claims to fame are eclectic: Lady Barnett, television Queen; Princess Windisch-Graetz of the Spanish Riding School, authority on dressage; Anne Edwards and Drusilla Beyfus, collaborating columnists; Lord Brabazon of Tara, P.C., G.B.E., M.C.; Jean Grey, Beauty Editress of a magazine . . . maiden authors all, except Miss Nancy Spain, who gave the series an authoritative start.

In deference to the venue, Miss Spain wears a skirt instead of the trousers she usually affects, but otherwise comes splendidly up to expectations: the expected references to schooldays at Roodean; the usual jokes about not marrying Gilbert Harding; the enthusiasm for the dynamic stimulus of the *Daily Express* and for that newspaper's "reverence for accuracy, reverence for

truth." There are stories of encounters with peers, and even with royalty; and a fascinating account of how a millionaire gave her lunch and lent her his car for a visit to *Enid Blyton*, no less. Miss Spain is warm, friendly, bright, forthright, and just a little bold. Autographing her autobiography with very best wishes from Nancy Spain and a genuinely heartfelt "Bless you!" to each guinea customer, she is everything her devoted readers and TV fans could desire.

Not that as a TV personality she competes with Lady Barnett, who, in her new "well-known author" role, fills the restaurant to capacity instead of, like the other speakers, only one screened-off quarter. Unlike Miss Spain, Lady Barnett draws no attention to her autobiography; indeed it is not necessary, as copies are brought round for sale to each tea-table. Nor does she tell stories unsuitable for afternoon tea; for if there's something about Lady Barnett it is surely that, besides being the wife of a knight, she is one of nature's ladies in her own right. When, for instance, in her anecdotes of life as a celebrity, she



says that all her experiences seem to happen in railway carriages and taxis, it is clearly not said to amuse. Nevertheless, it pulls a communication cord in the mind of the book department manager, for in his speech of thanks he recounts an experience of his own: a schoolmistress came up to him at a station and said "Excuse me, but I think you're the father of one of my children." This delights Mrs. Basil Pont, who adores coincidences, because the field-marshal who gave away the prizes at her daughter's last Speech Day recounted (tactlessly, considering his audience) an exactly similar experience.

The Misses Edwards and Beyfus, compilers of a modern book of manners, or a book of modern manners, also provided an entertaining Wednesday afternoon. Miss Edwards told some of the stories one never gets tired of hearing; especially nice was it to hear again the one about the Harrovian, the Wykehamist, the Etonian, and the lady's chair. Miss Beyfus's contribution was to read extracts from the recently revised editions of standard works on etiquette, in order that Miss Edwards should discredit them. But Fleet Street etiquette is so far in advance of Knightsbridge etiquette that in the opinion of

many of the audience it was not always the older writers who were discredited. There were stimulating exchanges at question time on such subjects as tipping hairdressers; and over scones and layer-cake Mrs. Pont decided to ask for the book at her library.

"Secrets of Make-up" was the title of the talk given by Jean Grey, who has written a book on her subject. Miss Grey advised how to make the most of one's beauty, the least of one's figure; considered crêpey necks and diaphragm rolls; gave names of recommended preparations which could be bought at the cosmetic counter on the ground floor where, we were assured, the assistants are fully trained to advise on the choice of powder and foundation. Mannequins demonstrated the right make-up for different age-groups, and wore hats from the model millinery department, dresses from the second floor. As a beauty talk it was excellent.

Yet Mrs. Pont felt unsatisfied, vaguely troubled. She remembered how, when she had first seen the announcement of *Tea with an Author* on the book page of the *Sunday Times*, her mind had leapt to meet Somerset Maugham, Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh. This Tea with a Beauty Editress had taken her right back to the mudpacks and the marshmallows, to the magazines and the indecisions over whether to telephone or not to telephone. In very truth she was back where she started . . . an idle woman, filling an empty afternoon.

Autumn, 1956

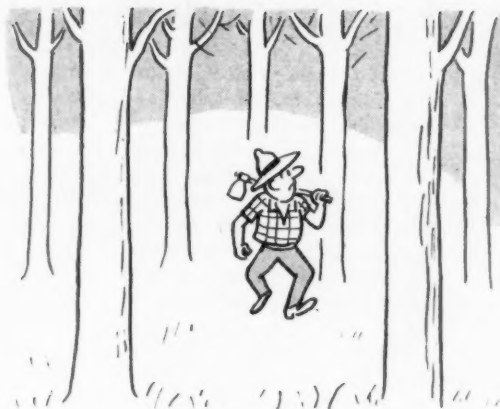
IN years to come a big, fat book
With richly-documented look,
Penned by some unborn Beaverbrook,
May settle old confusions,

Exposing plot and power and pride
On this, that and the other side,
Revealing all there was to hide
And drawing new conclusions;

Meanwhile, a spectre's at our heels,
And not alone the Arab feels
The ruthless grind of hidden wheels,
The pang of lost illusions.

J. B. B.





Something for Everyone

By R. G. G. PRICE

ANY film front-office that wants to stay front these days has to make films that appeal to more than one public. Hence Bob Hope teamed with Katharine Hepburn in a mixture of political comedy and gag-farce, hence laughs on the Range, political profundity in the bomber and, incredibly, cheesecake waiting for the noose at dawn. Hence, perhaps, this.

Cell for Two

The Anglo-American mixed prison at Housesteads on the Roman Wall. The camera looks north over rolling, purplish hills and south over greenish, holiday country. Limousine swings in where the walls would be if it were that kind of prison and passes between trusties working on flower-beds, the men dressed like American sailors, the girls in gardening-pyjamas. New GOVERNOR walks up steps and does backward-fall comedy routine. The door is opened by a sniffy-looking BUTLER.

GOVERNOR: Your spats need blancoing. (As BUTLER bends down to examine shoes, GOVERNOR pulls away mat.

Enters open door, finds wide-grinned, healthy-looking man.)

You Tod? Bah goom, ah could do with a bite of char and a drop of whelk. (Laughs hysterically.)

TOD: I'm leaving you a mighty fine bunch of boys and girls. I reckon there's good in most of us if you look for it. (He seems doubtful, as if for the first time, as his successor puts on two check-caps and plays football with the wastepaper-basket.)

(Enter CHIEF WARDER and CHIEF WARDRESS)

CHIEF WARDER: Your car is ready, Tod. TOD: Leaving these so-called dregs of humanity, I feel humble, but proud, conscious . . . (He is edged out.)

GOVERNOR: There seems no discipline here, like. It just encourages crime, making prisons homes from home. Place all licensed premises out of bounds, stop petting after midnight and increase working hours. That'll make crooks think twice. Now tell me, are there more laughs in a bottle of beer or a bottle of Scotch? Don't know? Proper ninnies, aren't you?

In a bottle of beer, of course. The Scotch has the *higher gravity*! I'll dislocate my jaw laughing at myself one of these days. (Balances telephone on head and falls over, cackling like a maniac.)

The scene shifts to Question-time in the House of Commons. MEMBERS laugh stagily among themselves.

BACKBENCHER FORTESCUE: Is the Home Secretary introducing brutality into Housesteads Prison? Is he degrading the curriculum? Is he allowing his minions to wrest their hard-won privileges from these poor waifs?

HOME SECRETARY: No! Oh, no! (MEMBERS rush into the Lobby.)

SIR GEORGE: Fortescue will go far. doubt the Government can survive.

PLAIN TOM: I was watching closely. It tottered.

BACKBENCHER FORTESCUE (*soliloquizes*):

I must change places with a prisoner and see for myself. My marriage to Lady Sophie must be postponed. Surely she wouldn't want to sacrifice the prisoners to mere punctuality. Marriage is two becoming one: the question is, which one? Marriage is the shortest cut to the Divorce Court. Marriage is like playing strip poker in a nudist camp. I must contact an intermediary.

A caged-bird shop in Petticoat Lane.

SHOPKEEPER (*to caged bird*): Vell, vot you making such fuss for? I do not make such fuss when I am bad at my back. Be quiet or I will wring your neck. I am a liar. No. I will not wring your neck, never. That is why I am a failure, why I have to work when I am bad at my back.

Enter BACKBENCHER FORTESCUE.

Keep your money in your pocket. One day you will need it and no bird in a pretty cage will be as good.

BACKBENCHER FORTESCUE: I want to exchange places for a night with a prisoner in Housesteads Prison. I happen to be a Member of Parliament and I propose to inquire—

SHOPKEEPER: What does it matter to me, this motive of yours? Return in one little half-hour.

BACKBENCHER FORTESCUE *sees a good deal of East London and makes six*



remarks about the relations of the sexes.
He returns.

SHOPKEEPER: Behold, it is fix. That is all I am good for, fixing things. You will take the place of Bobby the Knife. There is your late pass. Your cell is Block D, Number 24.

The camera lingers on Block D and then, interminably, on the cell door. Inside it finds BOBBY THE KNIFE, a tough-looking girl who walks from the knees, and PATSY, who has very long hair, a tam o' shanter and otherwise only underwear.

BOBBY THE KNIFE: I don't mind spending a night outside, especially as this new Captain Bligh they've hired treats us like a bunch of kids. (*Looks out of window.*) Hell, they're building a wall. I must hurry.

In the convicts' gymnasium, very revealing gymnastics are being done by GIRL-CONVICTS. The GOVERNOR, dressed as an American footballer, enters down a rope.

GOVERNOR: Starting to-day, you're going to get a taste of your own medicine. You crooks think you're tough, but I know I am. I'm cutting down recreation periods and increasing cell-tasks. Get back to work. (*Angry cries. CONVICTS driven off by WARDERS.*)

I must tell you about my brother-in-law's brother-in-law—

BACKBENCHER FORTESCUE (*entering in a stately manner*): Can you direct me to Block D?

GOVERNOR: Never 'eard of it. Let me sell you some blonde-insurance.

*Who wants a second go of pudden!
Who wants some suet in their tum!
Come to Maggie's boarding-house
For Blackpool hot-pot and Blackpool scouse.*

Oh . . . Blackpool by the seaside sea.

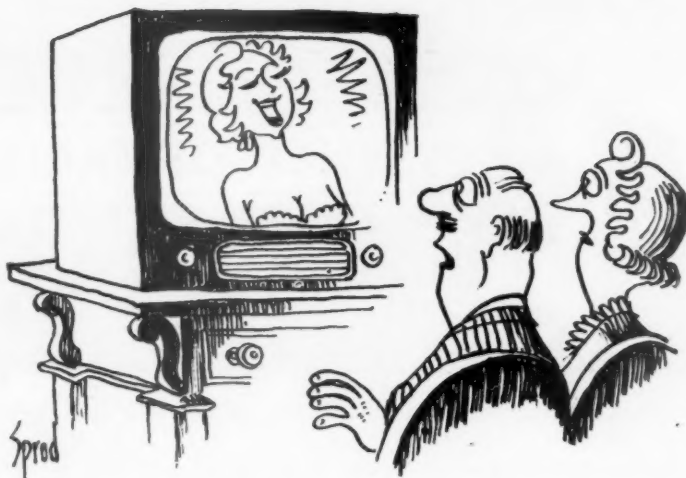
BACKBENCHER FORTESCUE: The strength of the marriage chain is in its sleekest mink.

GOVERNOR: How's that? I don't quite . . .

(*BACKBENCHER FORTESCUE reaches the cell. The door shuts behind him. A clock moves on eight hours. We get into the cell at last. The occupants look fatigued.*)

PATSY: What were you like when you were a little boy?

A lot of newspaper headlines all mixed up with a machine. Perhaps it is



"It must be right what they say about I.T.V. being hard up—they can't even afford clothes."

printing them. There has been a strike of convicts caused by the repressive policy of the new GOVERNOR. Shop stewards have declared Pentonville and Dartmoor mailbags black. Cell 24, however, is pretty peaceful.

BACKBENCHER FORTESCUE: How many times have you been reprieved?

PATSY: Three. And the Court of Criminal Appeal quashed my conviction for Spiv the Greek. They said any reasonable wife would have done him.

BACKBENCHER FORTESCUE: Marriage is like a hot tip for a cancelled race.

PATSY: Your dear, dear lips. I'm so stupid about politics that I can't follow what you mean, but I love listening to you say it. (*They escape in order to get the camera off into the Border Country where the fugitives fall among characters actors. At length they sit limply nursing their feet in a field.*)

BACKBENCHER FORTESCUE: I'm going to tell the world about the way you

convicts are being treated. I'm going to tell the world about you. I'm going to tell the world that man proposes and woman just poses.

TOD (*entering by gate*): What are you running away from, Patsy? It's yourself, isn't it?

Angry dialect FARMER shouts over another gate.

FARMER: Get off my land! I've got Italian farm-workers in the next field and I won't be responsible for what happens.

TOD (*making off*): I just can't resist a signorina in the stubble. (*Close-ups.*) *The scene shifts to Number 10 Downing Street. BACKBENCHER FORTESCUE acknowledges greetings from east balcony and draws PATSY forward.*

Back at the prison there is a concert. The new GOVERNOR hands back the prison to TOD and is then chased about the stage wearing female costume. No one is watching; they are all engaged in a flashback of Roman Legions on the Wall.

Sacred Moments

THESE are the moments I should like to share:
When butchers choose their Sunday joints with care,
Coal merchants heap black diamonds on their fires—
House agents sell white elephants to buyers;
When Customs men return from overseas
And plumbers see their tanks begin to freeze,
When Vicars ponder after public prayer—
These are the moments I should like to share.

P. D. CURTIS



THE House of Commons in the past week has twice been made to look extremely foolish—not indeed altogether through its own fault. First on Monday and again on Tuesday we had Members on their feet cheering wildly with an enthusiasm which had not been seen in the Chamber since Chamberlain said that he was going to Munich: and on both occasions—the surrender of Port Said on Monday, the cease-fire on Tuesday—it turned out a few hours later that it was far from certain whether the news was true. By contrast the Socialist ovation to Mr. Gaitskell at the end of his speech on Tuesday was comparatively sane, for Mr. Gaitskell does at any rate exist. What is happening in Egypt? I do not pretend to know, and though by the time that these columns appear something new will certainly be happening, I am equally sure that we shall not know what it is. In that respect these are happy times for journalists, if for no one else, for in this world of timeless gibberish it is hardly possible to be out of date. It is perhaps scarcely surprising that in an otherwise wholly uncertain world the one item of news that does seem absolutely certain is that the Prime Minister's publicity officer, Mr. William Clark, has resigned.

The main impression that the House gave at the beginning of the week was that it was getting a bit bored with itself—and about time, too. If Parliament is a microcosm of the nation, then, when there is passionate feeling in the nation, there should be passionate feeling in Parliament. I think that it was right that Parliament should have had one good explosion over this. It would not have been natural had it been

otherwise. Though national unity at time of crisis is enormously desirable, it is absurd to ask that it be bought at the price of principle. Whatever anyone may think of particular arguments that Mr. Gaitskell used, they were arguments deeply accepted by a large part of the nation. He would have failed gravely in his duty had he not expressed them. Of all courses, the most shameful would have been that we should have been carried into war by some huddled-up agreement between the two frontbenches, leagued together to trick the opponents of the policy out of a proper opportunity of expressing their criticisms. Whatever policy we may favour we may be grateful that that has not happened. Where there is a difference of principle, unity cannot be bought at the expense of principle. Yet unity is still necessary, and after the differences have been expressed, then is the time to let passion abate and see whether there remains any foundation upon which unity can be built. Mr. Butler seems to have seen this most clearly from the Government side and Mr. Bevan from the Opposition, but the peroration of Mr. Gaitskell had a welcome plea against the unnecessary widening of divisions. Whether the cease-fire will give Parliament the opportunity to look at things more quietly, rationally and objectively, whether indeed there really is a cease-fire, remains to be seen, but it is certainly true that in order to settle the problems of the world it is not sufficient, as some Socialist Members seem to think, to moo like a cow.

Anyway the cease-fire made Parliament for the moment a quieter place. Or perhaps it was the news from Hungary.

Who would have prophesied a few months ago that British troops would be sent into action and that their fortunes would only occupy the second place in the British news? Mr. Daines perkily asked about the Prime Minister's proposed return visit to Bulge and Khrush. Meanwhile the ritual continues. We used to be told that the servants of the House required a day or two between the closing and the opening of Parliament to get things ready. They had to do without it this time. I dare say that it put them to much inconvenience and much overtime but they managed it. The band in Whitehall played *The Triumphal Entry of the Egyptian Army* from *Aida* and the Queen drove down and opened Parliament.

Nobody knows just how the Conservative party stands. Mr. Nigel Nicolson has spoken. Mr. Astor has spoken—as always, attractively and bravely. Mr. Nutting has not yet spoken, nor has Sir Edward Boyle, but certainly, whereas it is the criticism of the Government that they took action in which in the last analysis it was not possible to find a purpose, it is the criticism of the Opposition that, in so far as they demanded action but action only through the United Nations, they demanded action of someone who they knew very well would not act. There are mutterings—rumours of dramatic debates in the Cabinet. Everyone thinks that it is important that Parliament should from time to time debate things other than the international situation, but few are willing to sacrifice themselves so far as actually to listen to such discussions. It does not perhaps require an international crisis to make a speech by Mr. Micheson on housing subsidies



boring, but the audience which was willing to listen to his discussion of that topic was pathetic.

On Thursday, like a dipsomaniac reaching for the drink that he hates but cannot refuse, the House returned to its old subject. Mr. Younger moved an amendment deploring the lack of Commonwealth consultation. Mr. Lennox-Boyd replied not very effectively with a "sealed lips" speech—if only he could say all that he knew. The Socialists shouted. Mr. Philip Noel-Baker interrupted pathetically with his plea that, without British intervention, the United Nations might have formed a police force. The speech of the debate was undoubtedly that of Mr. Grimond, the new Liberal leader. It is but mild praise of it to say that it overtopped

those preceding it from either Front Bench. It was on a wholly different intellectual level—like May batting against the Western Province. While the Socialist and Conservative leaders were indulging in a rather ludicrous argument as to which of them should have the credit for saving the situation, Mr. Grimond asked more pertinently whether the situation had been saved at all. The canal was blocked. The oil was sabotaged. Who knew whether it was yet true that the conflict had been limited? Our troops in Port Said were in no position to interpose themselves between Israeli and Egyptian combatants and were themselves very dangerously placed. What was Russia doing? The urgent task was to recreate Western unity. Is it to Mr. Grimond

that we are to look for the answer to the problem of the total intellectual bankruptcy of both Front Benches?

Mr. Thorneycroft ended the debate with by far the most vigorous statement of a case for the Government that has yet been given, but what was so odd about it was that it was quite a different case from any previously put forward by Government spokesmen, bore indeed no relation to them at all. If this really was the Government case, and all the talk about Suez as a vital lifeline was irrelevant, why was it left to the President of the Board of Trade to explain it when it was all over, and why did the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary say nothing about it when it was on? It is all very curious.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS





The Church's Many Foundations

IN time of the breaking of nations it may seem sordid to devote much thought to financial matters and cynical to employ such terms as "securities," "bull" (with its suggestion of a jingoistic John), "bear" (alias Soviet cut-throat), "squeeze," "sinking fund" and "settlement day."

But the column must go on, and it so happens that it can look to the Church for guidance. In no mood of cynicism, therefore, I invite readers to consider the latest report of the Church Commissioners. The Church of England has a gross income of some eleven million pounds, and nearly five million of this sum represents yield on Stock Exchange securities. Income from holdings of land and buildings amounts to more than three million, and agricultural rents—the Commissioners are the largest land-owners in the country—account for another £500,000.

In 1956 the average yield on S.E. investments was £4 17s. 7d., compared with £4 9s. 6d. in 1955. This improvement has been achieved of course by selling Government securities and investing the proceeds in industrial equities. The rearrangement of the Church's portfolio has been thorough. Between March 1955 and August 1956, holdings of Government stock, at book value, were reduced from £75 million to about £43 million, while investment in industrial debentures, preference and ordinary shares, and investment trusts rose from £46 million to nearly £70 million.

A longer shot of the change of policy reveals that the Church has multiplied its investment income by three over the last eight years—from £3·8 millions in 1948 to £11·2 millions to-day—and this by any standard of management must be regarded as shrewd and successful.

The Commissioners have cashed in on inflation in such measure that they have been able to improve the living standards of the clergy very

substantially. In 1948 the minimum income of a parson was £350 per annum: now it is £550. Excluding Easter offerings the average income is nearly £700, but there are still many parsons on the bread line, financially harassed to such an extent that their uphill work in the pastures is gravely handicapped. It is abundantly clear from the figures that the skilful handling of its affairs by the Commissioners has rescued the Church from acute and ruinous penury.

There are people who regard this new investment policy as wrong-headed and dangerous. The Church, they say, should remain aloof from domestic politics and avoid any direct interest in the profit motive. The Church, they say, can hardly draw sustenance from private enterprise without appearing to support and favour its benefactor. But to argue thus is to suggest that the

Church is merely and exclusively a middle-class institution, and that it should submit cheerfully to annihilation at the hands of inflationary economic forces.

It is one of the tragedies of the last decade that so many benevolent institutions and worthy charities should have been driven to the wall by rising prices. The "Appeals" columns of *The Times* list numerous charitable bodies which receive no support from public funds and have no resources available for a hedging operation against inflation. They have been hit by the credit squeeze, by the wages spiral and—worst of all—by the fact that subscriptions never keep pace with rising prices. There should be general thankfulness that the Church itself has been spared to lend some assistance to these unfortunates.

MAMMON



Passed By

CARPENTERS don't retire, they simply go on working until their hands become so cramped with rheumatism that they can't grip their plane any more. But Job Mainwright's case was different—with him it was his eyes. He stopped work when he found that he was hitting more thumbs than nails. Not an unusual failing at his age, for he was eighty. His son then carried on the business, and old Mainwright passed all his time sitting on a bench outside their cottage.

He seemed quite happy there, watching the traffic go by. It didn't matter what the weather was like, the old man tottered out to his place on the road for an hour. He did that every day for the last ten years.

Now we shall miss him. He had become a sort of monument. Bus drivers mourn him. One of our landmarks has gone. We blame the Minister of Transport. Yet Mainwright wasn't run over.

A few months ago they started to cut off the dangerous hairpin bend round the old man's cottage. When we saw what was happening many of us thought of the old man, and realized that sooner or later he would have to move his bench a few hundred yards down the road. But the trouble was we forgot that at ninety Job's hearing was failing too.

The day they opened the new bit of road Mainwright went to his bench as usual and waited for the traffic to pass. Of course none came. The poor old man concluded that his sight had now gone altogether. He groped for his stick, shuffled indoors again, and slumped disconsolately in his chair by the fire. A tear trickled down his cheek. This was the end for him. He had had only his National buses to live for.

"But your sight's all right, Dad," his son bellowed, "the reason you didn't see any cars passing to-day is because there weren't any, they've all gone t'other way!"

But Mainwright couldn't hear. Missing his buses and lorries he'd just sat down and died. I suppose one might say he'd been by-passed.

RONALD DUNCAN

"VOLUNTARY WORKERS PUT IN CHURCH'S HEATING PLANT,"
The Barnet Press

Ain't no justice.



BOOKING OFFICE

Prince Perkin

The Monmouth Episode. Bryan Little.
Wernie Laurie, 25/-

MONMOUTH'S rebellion is one of those incidents of English history that holds the popular imagination in a manner out of proportion to its importance. The old woman prophesying "Monmouth, Monmouth, beware of the Rhine," which turned out to be a "rhine" (pronounced "reene") of the Somerset moors; the West Country yeomen marching with their scythes; their leader found in a ditch "with a few peas in his pocket," later begging for mercy on his knees before King James; Judge Jeffreys and the Bloody Assize. The drama is unstinted, due both to the personalities concerned and to the Whig historians.

Mr. Bryan Little in an excellent book tells the story again, with close reference to contemporary documents but shorn of all extraneous historical matter. Apart from the admirable clarity of his style he manages very skilfully to steer clear of political and moral judgments, which present in this case a more than usual temptation to the historian.

Monmouth, it will be remembered, was Charles II's son by Lucy Walter, a Welsh lady of good family, who had at least an arguable claim to have married the King when he was exiled in the Low Countries. At the time when the boy represented Charles's sole male issue, there can be no doubt that he was treated with great favour. In 1662 he was created Duke of Monmouth, and a year later, aged fourteen, he was married to Lady Anne Scott, two years his junior, heiress to the vast Buccleuch fortune. The Buccleuch earldom then became a dukedom and was added to that of Monmouth, though at the same time retained by the bride in her own right.

Nell Gwyn, perhaps a good judge of the offspring of another Welsh mistress, is said from the start to have

called Monmouth "Prince Perkin," implying that he would be another Perkin Warbeck. Certainly Monmouth seems to have moved to his eventual doom as one hopelessly fated by the stars.

Mr. Little neatly describes the rebellion as "a belated instalment of the Civil War." Monmouth had in the first place toured the West with the object



of finding out how sympathy lay, and had received what appears to have been a good deal of encouragement from Thomas Thynne—"Tom of Ten Thousand"—the owner of Longleat. If Tom of Ten Thousand had not been assassinated by the agents of Count Königsmark it is possible that more support might have been found for Monmouth among the local gentry, who, as things went, kept almost universally away from the rising.

The West, especially the town of Frome, had a Roundhead tradition. The author points out that the whole region must not be thought of, as to-day, in terms of a scene particularly rural. On the contrary, the West was

then an important industrial centre. It was more like launching nowadays a revolt in the Midlands.

Although he seems to have been in general a competent professional soldier, Monmouth's plans for his own revolt were hopelessly inadequate. Even apart from that he found himself opposed by one of the greatest generals of all time, Lord Churchill, later Duke of Marlborough. He was lacking in will, and when he was captured there was found in his pocket—with the legendary peas—a pathetic poem written by himself in praise of solitude, love, and escape from the life of action. His behaviour before James II was not creditable, though, as Mr. Little points out, the admission of a prisoner to a king's presence in those days, in such circumstances, certainly implied a hope of clemency.

The rebellion had been a reckless, inexcusable act. Severe punishment was to be expected; but James II is unwhitewashable so far as his personal stupidity and tactlessness are concerned. He wanted "a conviction" in the case of Dame Alice Lisle—admittedly the widow of a regicide and one of Cromwell's hated "major-generals," but over eighty and stone deaf—who had harboured a friend and fugitive from Sedgemoor. Although the jury tried to throw out the case, as the man in question had not yet been tried himself, the King had insisted, through Jeffreys, on a verdict of "Guilty." She was condemned to be burnt. This was commuted to beheading, but setting aside any humanitarian aspects it is hard to know what James can have been about to have required this.

Jeffreys had already shown himself not a particularly attractive figure during the Popish Plot affair, but after Sedgemoor it seems that, in fact, the courts over which he presided actually executed fewer rebels than those of the other judges concerned. The number of executions was, in all, probably about two hundred and thirty; those shipped to the West Indies—certainly an inconceivably horrible fate, though some survived to comparative good fortune—

were probably about eight hundred. About a thousand more may have been killed in battle.

ANTHONY POWELL

The Good Old Days. Patrick Grant. *Thames and Hudson, 25/-*

This is not an autobiography but a series of random memories of a long and interesting life which was by no means finished when the author went to Finland in 1939 as a volunteer at the age of sixty. If the reader is prepared for extremely abrupt transitions he will find good stories and much information about the social world that ended with the First War. After Eton, and being thrown out of the Empire on Boat Race night, Major Grant passed into the Indian Army, where he was unusual in disliking mess gaieties and preferring to learn native languages and roam inquiringly. As soldier, sportsman and traveller he has had a wonderful run, and is able to convey his enjoyment.

One would say he had kept a remarkably fresh mind if it were not for a recurring suggestion that the young of to-day have gone to the dogs. The same thing was said just before the Battle of Britain.

E. O. D. K.

The Soldier Room. Anne Chamberlain. *Hart Davis, 12/6*

Ruth Woodridge, married at eighteen, has been for four years a wife before taking a lover, John Harvath, "Dealer in Furniture, Old and New." Her husband Sidney, dominated and persecuted in childhood by his elder brother, cold and withdrawn in adult life, spends more and more time in the locked attic containing his collection of toy soldiers.

Telephone calls, pebbles thrown up at the bedroom window, come from local urchins who believe the couple to be responsible for the murder of their collie dog Bruno; the tension mounts as Ruth, becoming emancipated, goes to a bridge-party against Sidney's wishes and spends three afternoons clinging to Harvath on a dust-choked mattress during her husband's absence at his law office.

Miss Chamberlain, whose *Tall Dark Man* was in the best tradition of modern suspense stories, has widened her range with her second novel, and gives evidence of a powerful, unusual and disturbing talent: evoking briefly and deftly, also, the sleepy small-town background against which the strange drama takes place.

J. M-R.

The Vermeer Forgeries. Jan Baesjou. *Bles, 15/-*

In a preface the author states that he has cast his biography of Han van Meegeren in the form of a novel to arrive at a psychological explanation of the famous forgeries; he claims that the character sketch is authentic, although admitting the story to be largely fanciful. This book is a good example of the dangers of dressing facts in fiction. As a novel it is over-written, melodramatic and preternaturally solemn; abysses yawn, dies are cast, and "the last line of that letter made me think less unkindly of the lonely introvert who is my father" can be taken as a fair sample of the dialogue.

As a documentary it gives us a broad idea of the artist's early miseries, his fanatical application, and his determination to snub his detractors, but unfortunately we are never certain of the

facts. What is fatally missing is any comic sense of this heroic spoof, by which the best of the Dutch critics were completely taken in.

E. O. D. K.

The Golden Ring. The Anglo-Florentines, 1847—1862. Guiliama Artom Treves. Translated by Sylvia Sprigge. *Longmans, 21/-*

This book consists of a collection of passages from memoirs of the time, some of which will be new to most readers, linked by rather humdrum connecting matter. The foreign residents included Landor, Leigh Hunt, the Brownings and Hawthorne, as well as some queer fish like Margaret Fuller and Seymour Kirkup. Many of them were pre-occupied with gossip or dilettantism while events of the greatest importance to Italy were happening round them, though a few showed active sympathy for Italian aspirations and Signora Treves gives full weight to the part played by their articles in British papers in swinging public opinion behind the Risorgimento.

The writer's slight resentment at the use of Italy shows through her interest in literary history and her amusement at the mild eccentricities of the British colony. We need to be reminded that Italy is not quite so passive under Anglo-Saxon love as we tend to assume when we treat it merely as the background to the emotions and discoveries of foreigners from Shelley to Mr. Berenson.

R. G. G. P.

Freedom and Death. Nikos Kazantzakis. Translated from the Greek by Jonathan Griffin. *Bruno Cassirer, 18/-*

It is refreshing to meet an author who feels with the feelings of his heroic characters, instead of sentimentalizing them in the manner of novelists who have seen war from the fringes. In this story, well translated from the Greek, we are shown the tensions of Crete in 1889. Nobody wants another rising, which must end in bloody failure; the Metropolitan knows that presently the Powers will free his island; the Pacha likes to see his subjects prosperous. But Captain Michales is a hero, with a bad temper. When he raises his standard other Christian warriors must join him or be dishonoured. Since he knows that his fight is hopeless his war-cry is not the usual alternative, but the title of this book.

We are shown a whole community, earning a living, marrying, feasting, growing old, but always knowing that within the next ten minutes honour may compel any man to embrace death. Read Mr. Kazantzakis and you will be a better man, willing to answer back when the authorities come to pull down your house.

A. L. D.

Picture a Country Vicarage. Anthony Brode. *Elek, 15/-*

"It takes a strong mind and plugged ears to maintain a fondness for church



bells when one lives within a hundred yards of them," comments the author. In his comic, robust and realistic description of his father's vicarage, replete with every mid-Victorian inconvenience, including two for the outside staff, Mr. Anthony Brode displays a heroic capacity for being fond of the sort of place you cannot parody but only put up with. Once, the green baize door dumbed the sound of a semi-bevy of servants working like troglodytes in the cavernous kitchens; now, when not in use as a dartboard, it muffles the noise his mother makes when tackling such chores single-handed.

Achingly characteristic of hundreds of similar encumbrances, this one provides the sounding shell for the voice of the Irish hired help invoking within the hearing of startled Anglican visitors the name of the Mother of God; provides also a background for a skilful portrait of the author's father which is blended of an understandable amount of filial affection and a not surprising absence of piety. Most delectable. R. C. S.

Paul Scofield. J. C. Trewin. *Rockliff*, 15/-

Rarely does a young man of twenty-four arrive at Stratford and demonstrate immediately that he has in him the stuff of great acting. Only ten years ago Paul Scofield's Cloten, Armado and Malcolm made us all sit up. During his third Stratford season his Hamlet was an extraordinary leap towards maturity, and since then he has developed steadily until now he is the undoubted leader of our younger actors, having proved himself not only in the classics but in modern plays as different as *Ring Round the Moon* and *A Question of Fact*.

Mr. Trewin has watched him excitedly all the way from the Birmingham Rep., and this discerning stage biography conveys this excitement as it examines his special gifts with justness and understanding. Chief among them are magnetism, imaginative power and a voice made for poetry, and the accompanying photographs from the Mander and Mitchenson

Collection confirm Mr. Trewin's claim that his subject is never "always Scofield." E. O. D. K.

Sailor in the East. Robin King. *Barker*, 12/6

While working his passage to Japan as a night-pantryman on a 16,000-ton troopship, Mr. King's head was filled "with legends of the ancient samurai": he found everyone attired like "a factory outing to Brighton on a hot August day." The only cherry-blossom, a paper imitation, festooned the ceiling of the Club Pearl, where an elaborate meal in a private room with Lola-san cost a mere guinea. Inhibitions went overboard: a redcap remarked that Japanese girls had "No sense of sin at all." The author sailed in through bloodstained China seas (the ship had sliced a whale in half); a notice was posted forbidding seamen to wear female garments; a major threw an orange at a colonel in the mess and challenged him to a duel on deck. Entertainingly, despite a tendency to over-philosophize, Mr. King observes with a novelist's eye the transvest steward; the ex-Borstal paranoiac; the formidably tough Medusa and her sister-stewardess, pathetic middle-aged virginal Margo, whose literary tastes declined when she became romantic about Pop's ginger toupee: "love transforms all, and Ruby M. Ayres is so genteel."

J. M.-R.

AT THE OPERA



The Masked Ball—La Bohème
(COVENT GARDEN)

THE opening of the autumn season truly was a night at the opera, as distinct from a high school charade or a fancy dress concert or a sewing-bee or a mend-and-make-do meet, any or all of which alternatives are, on past form, liable to be thrust upon us at Covent Garden.

The conductor of *Masked Ball* was an Italian, Argeo Quadri, ablaze with irredentism. When Verdi asked for a succession of orchestral biffs, Mr. Quadri biffed and made no bones. By biffs I mean those loud, abrupt chords weighted with bass drums and full brass which Verdi uses, often at the opening of a scene, to get us grovelling with terror at what is to come. Between them Verdi and Mr. Quadri had us grovelling like sandworms. This same Verdi force and essence he carried through into the who-shall-kill-the-king scene, Act Two. The big, triplet-studded tune here, with its outworks and concomitants, including martial harp strummings, would sustain any route march in the world, if routes were marched to-day, and is historically a honey as showing the point at which Verdi finally took over nineteenth-century *eroico* from Meyerbeer, beating that boy hollow at his own game.

Amy Shuard, the new Amelia, is beyond all doubt a dramatic soprano, a

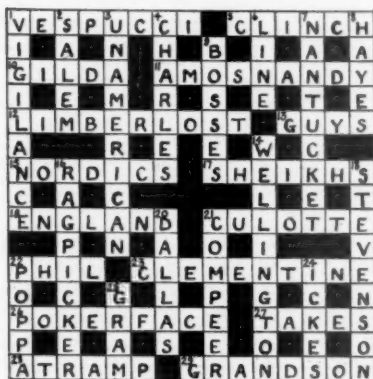


species supposed to be extinct in this country. She started cold and groping, as she often does, but warmed up on her herbal foray to the gallows-field, and by the end of this scene was flinging lariats of tone well forward in the grand manner. I don't see why she had to be scarfed up all night in yellow like an Edwardian advertisement for bargain tulle. Miss von Illosvay as the fortune-teller shot fine, minatory tones from a tiresome gipsy make-up that gave the whites of her eyes the look of cheap china. The Gustavus III, David Poleri, had some difficulty with breathing, and therefore phrasing, in his giddy Offenbach-type number with chorus, Act One, but otherwise kept his legs when he sat the throne like a king in a court painting, and scattered Broadway vowels impartially.

For me the best value in *Bohème* was the marble wall slab inside the Café Momus which offered cognac at twenty centimes a go. This scene, with its sectionalized choruses, crowd-strollings, prank-playings and recitative swappings, is the hardest in Puccini to sew into one piece, and Mr. Kubelik, the conductor, quite failed to manage it. He revved a little here, lingered a little there and ended with a jumble of bits. The Rodolfo was new, mild and constrained: Raymond Nilsson, a highly intelligent artist, almost too intelligent, in fact, for a Puccini beau. Half the time he looked like Michael Tippett, the other half as he had done when singing Michele, the water-front leather-jacket in "The Saint of Bleecker Street" on television. All of which was a bit confusing.

Marie Collier, a newcomer from Australia, turned Musetta into a nice young lady with a nice drawing-room voice. In the event the night's burden was carried jointly by the Mimi and the Marcel, Elsie Morison and Jess Walters (who had been a rock-ribbed Anckarstroem in *The Ball*), admirable both: but *Bohème* is more than a duo for sop. and bar.

CHARLES REID



Solution to last week's crossword

AT THE PLAY



The Devil's Disciple
(WINTER GARDEN)
Nude with Violin (GLOBE)
The Bald Prima Donna—The
New Tenant (ARTS)

Ten Minute Alibi (WESTMINSTER)

THE first surprise in Noel Willman's dashing production of *The Devil's Disciple* is that so interesting and different a Shaw should not have been revived in the West End since the war. The play is melodrama, plus; and those who obstinately imagine that all Shaw's work consists of people locked in intellectual argument will find astonishment and pleasure in this taut story of the War of Independence, of a local black sheep making gloriously good in the faith of black puritanism and King George's ill-conducted army. The first two acts are almost straight excitement; then in the third we begin to see Shaw's tongue in his cheek, as the hero at his court-martial pulls the leg of its ox-like president, and sparks off in General Burgoyne a response to his own irony. The end is an effective mixture of both treatments, the hero with the noose round his neck saved by the man he has set out to save, and the two of them shown, though starting from opposite poles, to be each as good a man as the other.

There are no period creaks. The play is beautifully built, and driven along with admirable charm and gusto by Tyrone Power, the local lad, and David

Langton, the Minister. Joan Macarthur gives a terrifying sketch of puritan obsession, Zena Walker is good as the minister's clinging little wife, and Mr. Willman himself makes an impressive figure of the fastidious Burgoyne.

Noël Coward's *Nude with Violin* starts well, and is then gradually starved of invention. A famous painter of the expensively incomprehensible has died, and his family, gathering without tears for his funeral, discovers that all his work has been a hoax; pictures hung in the world's most selective galleries turn out to have been produced by a Russian adventuress, an English chorus girl, a Jamaican evangelist and a small boy. The first of these revelations has its comic shock, but the others follow in a pattern which becomes expected. The family is not exciting; as its advisor, the dead man's dealer whose reputation is at stake, David Horne has to work desperately hard. The main responsibility for our entertainment rests with Sir John Gielgud, whose suave and shady manservant takes charge in the crisis—a polished performance, but without benefit of variety it loses its edge. Two valuable interruptions, by Kathleen Harrison and Patience Collier, galvanize the play temporarily; nothing but a sharper wit could have continued to disguise its conventional mechanism.

Eugene Ionesco is at the moment the rage of the *avant-garde* theatres in Paris. He is not an author to be taken lightly,

for at every step he takes the calculated risk of being written down as merely a buffoon, playing clever tricks with all the possible changes on inconsequence. On the surface level his plays are lunatic farce, funny in places, tedious in others—for he is apt to drag out a situation as if it were a concertina; below that, for those prepared to dig, lies a serious philosophy of hopelessness, a feeling that the human individual is incapable even of tuning in to such familiar wavelengths as those between husband and wife. Man is powerless, alone and bewildered. It is a cul-de-sac philosophy, bred of the war, and it cannot take the theatre very far, but its attractions for experimental playwrights, among them Samuel Beckett, seem to be strong.

Two of Ionesco's one-act plays can be seen, intelligently produced and fairly acted, at the Arts. *The Bald Prima Donna*, a piece of crazy conversation, is funnier and has more to say than *The New Tenant*, a satire on acquisitiveness in which a room is crammed with furniture until its owner becomes invisible and inaudible. Robert Eddison, Jessie Evans, and Lloyd Pearson adapt themselves with credit to the author's strange demands. Amusing as he can be, in patches, I still think he is barking up a dead tree.

Twenty-three years ago London was full of tortured citizens going around in a mathematical stupor, looking with anguish at their watches as they strained to find a snag in *Ten Minute Alibi*, the first play to manipulate the time factor in murder, and I suppose the neatest crime piece of our generation. Anthony Armstrong, who has now revised it, started a fashion by treating us as adults and putting his cards on the table. Seeing this ingenious play again it is fascinating to trace its influence on our literary vultures, but it would have been easier to gauge its surviving effect if the cast and production had been better. Only Arnold Bell, as the plodding inspector, is up to the original standard.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

A View from the Bridge (Comedy—17/10/56) Arthur Miller's latest, put on by the New Watergate Theatre Club, membership five shillings. *Under Milk Wood* (New—29/8/56), Dylan Thomas cunningly staged. *Plaintiff in a Pretty Hat* (Duchess—24/10/56), a charming new comedy. ERIC KEOWN

AT THE BALLET



Luisillo and His Spanish Dance
Theatre (PRINCE'S)

AFTER the dash and fire of Antonio's troupe there is pleasantly contrasting satisfaction in surrendering to the quieter charm of Luisillo's Spanish programme. The company, rich in young



Sebastien—JOHN GIELGUD

[*Nude with Violin*

talent, has extended its range since it was last in London and has followed the trend towards narrative ballet. This it does successfully in four items, in the most dramatic of which, *El Ciego*, Luisillo is a blind man who by a miracle receives his sight but loses the peace of mind which the darkness had given him. Temptations beset him and, praying that his eyes may again be darkened, he finds himself again blind and alone. Luisillo's talent for expressing wistful emotion is well suited to the part which he interprets with moving simplicity. Maria Rosario is the woman who befriends *el ciego*. She is a great strength to the small company. So also is Teresa Ammaya, a young gipsy dancer new to London, whose tempestuous vivacity gains piquancy from the gentler grace of her colleagues.

Luisillo is not outstanding as a *zapateador*, but he none the less commands elegant footwork when it is needed, as in the gipsy songs of Granada which he has put into dance form, with Niño de Almadén providing virile flamenco singing.

Metropolitan Spanish flavour is at its most authentic in a short ballet wherein altar-boys at a religious fiesta dance round an image of the Blessed Virgin and the priest is unable wholly to resist the urge to join in the gay steps.

There is little that is flamboyant about the evening but much that has the enchantment of youth and beauty in polished performance. Fine guitarists, José Romero and José Merino, and settings and dresses from many hands, contribute to the total excellence.

C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE PICTURES

The Battle of the River Plate
The Grasshopper

THE two "angles" most favoured by critics in dealing with the Royal Performance film *The Battle of the River Plate* (Directors: Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger) seem to be, first, to assume it's a great film because it is about a great occasion, and, second, to feel much upset by being presented with a sympathetic portrait of a German. True, both these attitudes will be very usual indeed among members of an average audience—not to mention plenty of people who will adopt one or the other without having seen the film at all—but neither has much to do with real criticism, or consideration of the film as a film.

Certainly it is a good, worthy, impressive and quite absorbing picture. The story begins on board the *Graf Spee* itself, as we watch the schoolboy pleasure taken by Captain Langsdorff (Peter Finch) in showing off his ship to the skipper of a tanker he has just sunk. These are the scenes objected to by the stern people who are still fighting the last war; but since Langsdorff seems really

to have been a humane man who saved as prisoners many seamen he might have left to drown it would be wrong not to admit it. This, after all—December 1939—was before the war had got really nasty; and the skipper of the tanker concerned, Captain Dove (played in the film by Bernard Lee), is in the list of credits as "technical adviser" on these sequences. I'm willing to take it that he knows more about Langsdorff as a person than most of us do, and in a picture based on fact it would hardly be good enough to ignore facts favourable to the other side.

After this opening—though the three attacking cruisers are as it were personified in their officers, and John Gregson and Anthony Quayle in particular succeed in making a personal impression—the eye of the narrative draws back, for the larger view: the battle itself is the point. It is impressively done, but I doubt whether most people without a previous grasp of what happened will get any clearer idea of the general strategy than I did. Inevitably these things come down to personalities, characters; one can't hold characters in one's mind at the same time as one is giving attention to a big naval engagement, but it is the characters that individualize any kind of story. (Incidentally, a good point about the film is that it does not populate the lower decks with Cockney comedians. Admittedly the audience seizes with delight on any such fragment of comedy that turns up, but for once, very acceptably, this sort of thing is soft-pedalled.)

The scale of the thing is immense: apart from the long cast-list there are a hundred speaking parts unnamed, and "thousands" of people are thanked for their help. Perhaps it's ungracious to express surprise that so good a film emerged from so much ado, but it is true that often such mountainous activity produces only an overstuffed mouse. In this instance the result is quite a success—and not merely because of the sea air.

The *Everyman* in Hampstead has the first English showing of the Russian film *The Grasshopper* (Director: Sergei Samsonov), and it is very well worth making an effort to see. A straightforward adaptation of a Chekhov story, it is charmingly done in Agfacolor, very attractively used—one gets the impression of a sort of *tinted sepia*, which is pleasing in its own right apart from merely reproducing the pretty colours of reality.

It is a typical sad little Chekhov story; without remembering it in detail I can still recognize the Chekhov atmosphere and mood, which are admirably conveyed. "The Grasshopper" is the silly wife of a doctor: she "loves art" and spends her time giving parties for the writers and artists, the "celebrities" of St. Petersburg, paying no attention to her worthy husband who is a dedicated, selfless character and a valuable "celebrity"



(*The Battle of the River Plate*
Langsdorff—PETER FINCH)

of a kind she has never considered. She comes to realize his worth too late, when he is dying as a result of his conscientiousness.

It should not be, but it is, necessary to reassure people who "don't like sad stories": the general effect of the film is not in the least gloomy. Atmosphere is everything; in every way, above all visually, the piece is charming.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Both the above have admirable shorts with them—with the *River Plate* film is the pleasing little French fantasy *The Red Balloon*, and the *Everyman* has that minor classic *A Time Out of War*. The big news is *Moby Dick*; review next week. *Harvest* (7/11/56) and *Bus Stop* (31/10/56) continue.

Best of the new releases is *The Mountain* (24/10/56): hypnotic suspense as we climb an Alp with Spencer Tracy.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Mounting Goonery

THE first complete audience-rating returns of the autumn indicate that the I.T.A. is winning the battle of the channels—round one of the battle. It is winning because the programme contractors regard television as nothing more or less than a vehicle for show business, and because the vast majority of viewers in Britain prefer show business to the strange mixture of information, entertainment and education offered by the B.B.C.

I see no reason to congratulate the I.T.A. on its success, just as I see no reason to commend Radio Luxembourg on its comprehensive collection of gramophone records. The recipe for "Oomph, Glamour, Thrills!!" has been known for a very long time. You start the evening with a give-away show. Something for nothing, and all the cheap excitement of watching our acquisitive society grabbing at dangling, elusive prizes. The crowds gather, and you keep them captive with promises of rare bargains to come. There is no break in the Barker's spiel: every second is crammed with noise and glitter, the chatter of automatics, the sobbing of crooners, the croaking of comics, and appeals to buy this and that.

There is little variety. Night after night the "regular" shows are repeated and one instalment differs from the rest only in the age of its jokes, plots and gimmicks and in the vital statistics of the guest stars. Ninety per cent of the programmes are serials of some sort, and a large proportion of them are imported recordings. The I.T.A. is Radio Luxembourg in vision.



PETER SELLERS

VALENTINE DYALL

[Son of Fred
SPIKE MILLIGAN

There are few items that deserve a mention, fewer calling for reasoned criticism. To comment usefully on every week's output from Channel Nine would be as difficult a task as reviewing every new edition of *Three Weeks, Gone With the Wind* and *Trent's Last Case*. At various times I have written in praise of programmes that have climbed splendidly out of the rut—a few documentaries, a handful of playlets, odd spots of discussion and lively handling of the news; but I have not so far done my duty by "Son of Fred." This half-hour of visual goonery has been most refreshing. The Goons are not, of course, to everyone's taste, and it is distressingly easy to have too much of them. When they are in form they amuse me vastly, and when their gags misfire I can still admire their bold, ambitious experiments in sound and vision. Spike Milligan, Peter Sellers and company have made the first big dent in the old conventions of wireless humour.

"Secret Mission" is the title of a new series of I.T.A. programmes about the women of Special Operations Executive. The story of Lise de Baissac began well enough and promised a spell of documentary authenticity, but because Channel Nine puts its script-writers on the shortest possible tether it soon became obvious that Robert Barr and Jean Hamilton (director) were scuffling in a dust-bowl.

The B.B.C.'s "Panorama" handled its biggest week—Hungary, the Middle East and the Presidential Election—with great skill. The Hungarian scenes were terribly moving and Edward Ward's dramatic last-minute dispatch gave the nightmare report a shocking sense of urgency. Woodrow Wyatt's close-up of the American elector was a most effective piece of TV journalism.

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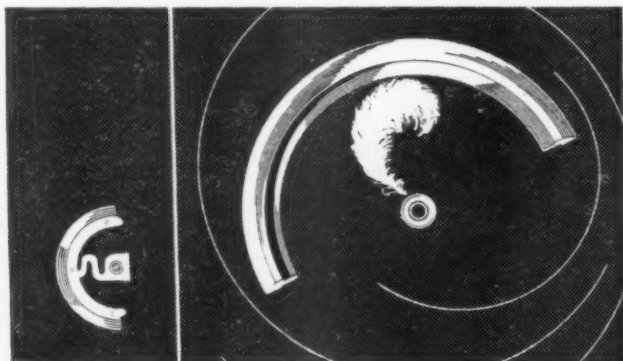
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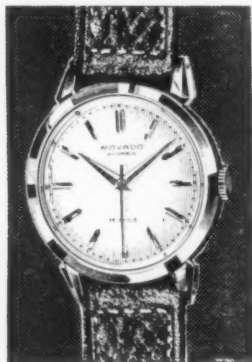


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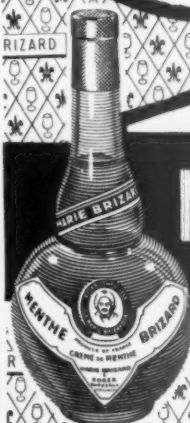
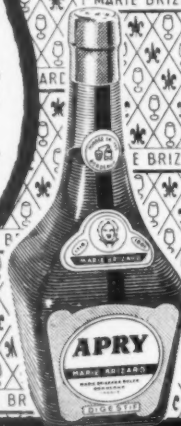
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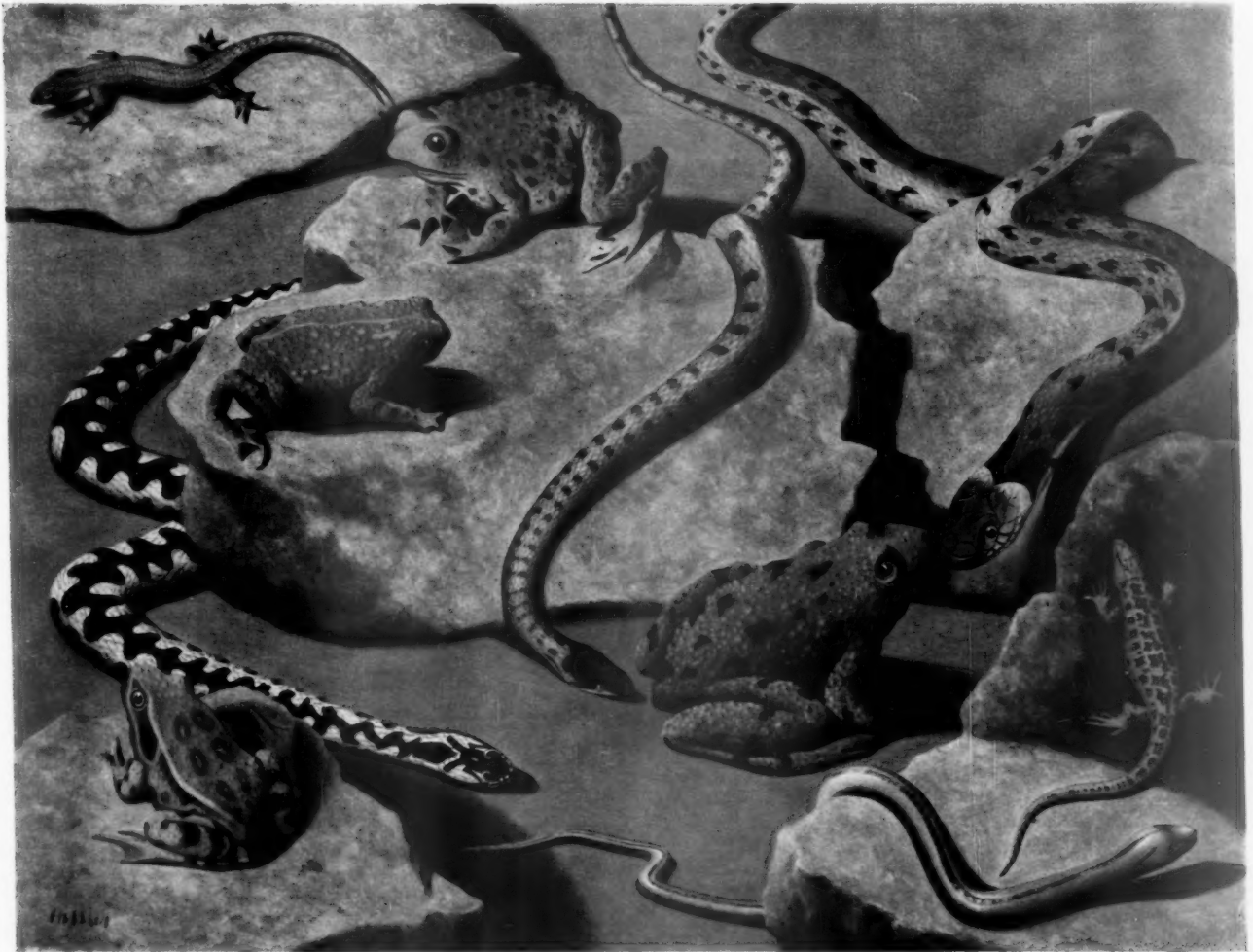


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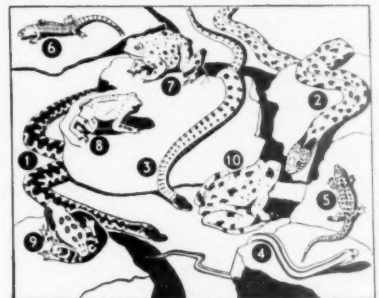
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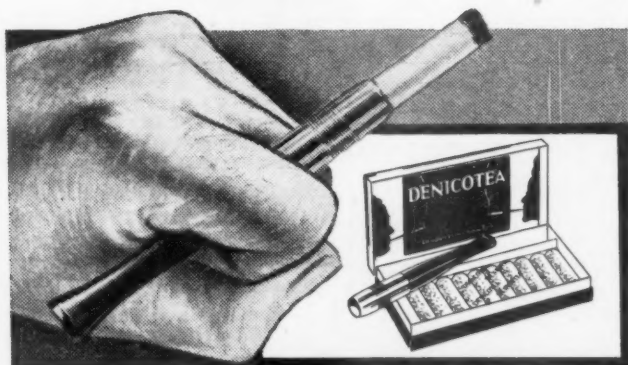


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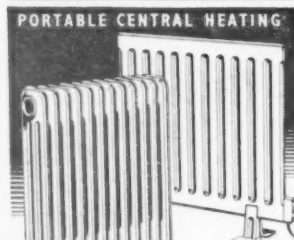
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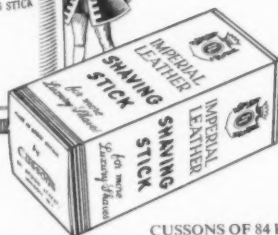
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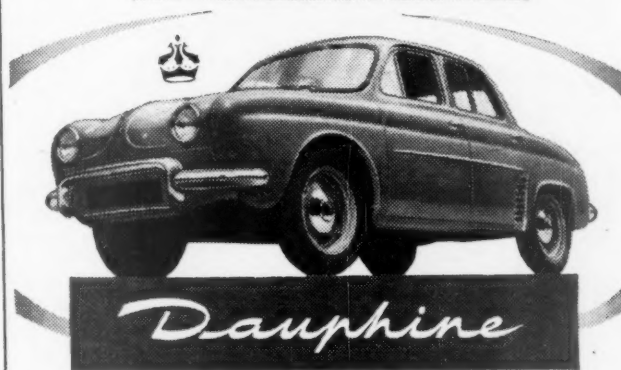
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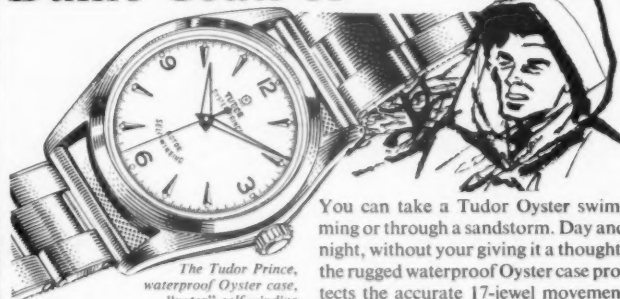
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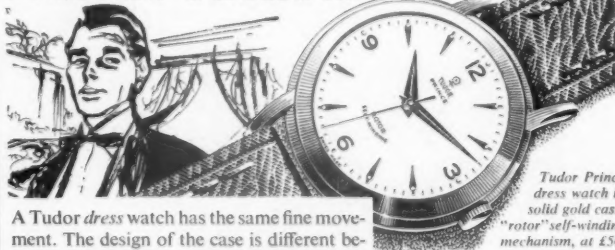
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The Sale Room Tale



Ignatius Floy, (a curious name),
Is not unknown to local fame —
In Tinglebourne Upon the Mere
He practises as auctioneer.

When young, Ignatius used to stammer,
Each time he lifted up his hammer
His g-g-going, g-g-gone,
Did much to stop him getting on.

An older colleague noticed Floy,
Who was a frail and nervous boy,
And recommended right away
A glass of Guinness, every day.

Ignatius did as he was bid.
Soon, of his stutter he was rid.
He now has confidence and dash
And sells his Lots for lots of cash.

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